★ JOHN BULL, JANUARY 18, 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1805

OUR FREE INSURANCE BENEFITS for 1941

AIR RAID, GAS ATTACKS INVASION

18th CENTURY PROPHECY

The time will come, when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies,
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying fleets of wond'rous birds.

England, so long the mistress of the sea,
Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,
And reign, the sovereign of the conquered air.

[Translated from Gray's 'Luna Habitabilis', Cambridge 1737]

Make it come true! Just two hundred years ago this remarkable vision of the war in the air was written down in Latin verse by the great English poet who composed the famous 'Elegy.' To make Great Britain 'Sovereign of the conquered air' is now our task. There is no time to 'stare at the flying fleets,' we must exert all our energies to increase them. Everyone must help. You can help with money. Save every shilling you can and lend it to the Nation.

Save regularly week by week. *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Savings Bonds 1955-1965, 2½% National War Bonds 1946-1948, or 3% Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.*

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

Famel Conquers Coughs

If you've caught a cough or cold, get rid of it before it does serious damage. Take a dose of Famel Syrup when you get home. Famel Conquers Coughs in record time. Famel is no ordinary cough mixture. It contains one of the most powerful cough germicides known to medical science—soluble lactocreosote. This special ingredient gets right deep down to the root of the trouble and kills the germs which cause the cough.

At the same time, the soothing balsams and tonic ingredients in Famel ease the sore membranes of the throat and lungs, and build up your powers of resistance.

Famel is recommended by Doctors, Nurses and Sanatoria everywhere. If you want to be free from coughs—take FAMEL.

"Unconquerable Cough"

"For the last three winters my husband has been unable to work, due to chronic bronchitis. We all thought the cough would never be beaten, but the District Nurse had a sample of Famel Syrup which put him on the mend in no time, and he is a changed man today. We will never be without it now."

Mrs. S. Y....

FAMEL SYRUP

From your Chemist
1/8½ & 3/5 (Triple Quantity)
(Including Purchase Tax)

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex

PRICE REDUCTION IN 5-STAR FOOD-DRINK!

This food is less than pre-war price.

1 **EXTRA FOOD VALUE**
Bournville Cocoa is rich in body-building proteins, natural cocoa butter and carbohydrates to give you energy. So remember, a cup of Bournville — the 5-Star Cocoa — is a cup of food.

2 **IRON — THE BLOOD ENRICHER**
The rich iron content of Bournville Cocoa tones up the corpuscles in your bloodstream, makes you feel stronger.

3 **PHOSPHATES — FOR HEALTHY GROWTH**
Bournville Cocoa is rich in the various phosphates and calcium. These build up bone and muscle, strengthen teeth.

4 **AID TO DIGESTION**
Bournville Cocoa is particularly digestible, helps digestion of other foods, and so makes every meal go further.

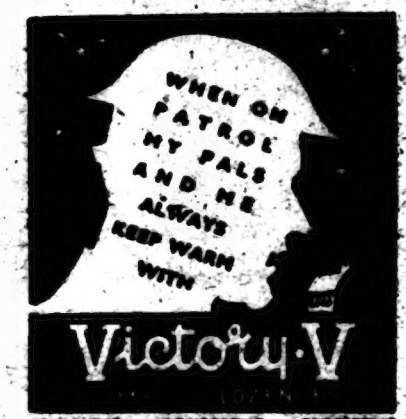
5 **VITAMINS — VITAL TO HEALTH**
Remember that every tin of Bournville Cocoa retains the natural sunshine Vitamin D, specially necessary for kiddies' healthy teeth and straight, strong bones.

IT'S amazing but it's true, that this food is actually down in price! It's Cadbury's famous Bournville Cocoa — always a favourite standby in every kitchen cupboard, and now a big new help to proper feeding at an economical cost. Down in price to 5d. per quarter-pound, and a natural food in itself. Suppose you make it with milk—a cup of Bournville Cocoa gives you the nourishment of two whole fresh eggs and costs you less than a quarter as much. Bournville makes meals go further!

BOURNVILLE THE 5-STAR **COCOA**

QUALITY UNALTERED

DOWN TO 5D PER QTR. LB.



WARMING · COMFORTING · PROTECTING
From sweetshops everywhere
per 2 oz. 6d. (Including Purchase Tax)

ARE YOU A WOMAN WHO CAN'T TAKE ORDINARY LAXATIVES?

Some women find ordinary laxatives awkward. Yet they know that at times they would be much better for one.

There's one laxative that is specially suitable for women's needs—Karmoid. Karmoid is the ideal laxative for women because it has a double-purpose. First it clears away all impurities and wastes, gently and easily, without any purging or griping effect. Second, it tones up and restores the normal function of the liver.

It's amazing how well you feel after taking this twofold medicine. Just one small Karmoid tablet at night and you feel positively grand in the morning.

Besides, Karmoid is easy and pleasant to take: just a little sugar-coated pill that tastes like a sweet. Your own chemist sells Karmoid tablets.

Only 1/3d. a box, or large family size 3/-. Get some before you forget.

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO. LTD.

The Dale Street Warehouses
MANCHESTER
and their Associated Company
THE
WORLD-WIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
Charles Street, MANCHESTER

send their MILLION Customers good wishes for Peace and Happiness in 1941.

They also wish to remind Customers that the Catalogue, backed by well stocked warehouses, will always save them money on all Clothing and Household requirements.

All goods post free.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO. LTD.

WINTER CHILLS Colds 'Flu

"I was in bed with a heavy cold—but Phensic has done wonders for me." S.O., London, N.W.8
Try 2 tablets of Phensic yourself!

WINTER ILLS rheumatic pain neuralgia backache

"Never before have I had such quick relief from lumbago." L.P., London, W.1.
Two tablets of Phensic will rid you of your pain too!

***you need* Phensic**

If you have liver and kidney 20 TO 30% it means less the more—and it is the quickest and most modern remedy for the relief of Colds, 'Flu and all Forms of Rheumatic Pains. Price 6d., 1/3, 2/6, and 5/6 (Incl. Purchase Tax).

Phensic
Pronounced "FEN-SIK" Brand

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 18, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

DON'T SN HEROES!

● Whose palsied hands are delaying the awards for bravery?

Miss Mary Cornish, a "perfect heroine" when the *City of Benares* was torpedoed with its load of children last September, has just been awarded the O.B.E.

JOHN BULL says her bravery should have been officially recognised when it was still fresh in the public mind.

Why has she had to wait four months?

Last week, also, the D.C.M. was bestowed upon Company Sergeant-Major James McDonald for the gallantry he displayed last July and last September!

Recently, awards have been announced for brave deeds during the French retreat at Dunkirk—even at Narvik.

We understand that every recommendation for an honour has to be checked and approved.

But this should be a matter of days, not of months or a year.

And we say this to officialdom:

Don't snub our heroes by making them wait.

Give them the honour they have earned, not grudgingly, but promptly.

Straight from the Shoulder

IT WON'T DO, MR. CHURCHILL!

LENGTHENING days bring nearer the enemy's greatest onslaught against us.

If we defeat it, Hitler's plight will be as wretched as an Italian outpost in the Western Desert.

If we defeat it decisively, a western Wavell may find it possible to take the offensive against the Nazi hordes.

Torrent of Arms

How shall we batter down Hitler's last desperate throw? Not by waiting for American aid.

We must strengthen our own arms now. Before it is too late!

More guns, more shells, more bombs, more bombers must cascade from our factories.

The trickle must become a torrent.

Lagging Production

JOHN BULL was the first to raise this demand.

Week by week, month by month, we gave facts about our lagging arms production.

At last, the Cabinet admitted that we were right. And now we are promised a remedy—a new Productions Executive to speed up the factory wheels.

It includes some of our shrewdest Ministers.

But it lacks a policy.

A Necessary Task

It will deal with priorities and contracts and other complications.

Will it mobilise the whole industrial manpower of the nation?

There is no word of that!

We are to have a Committee. Not a Plan.

Seven Ministers

This large committee has a twin. A new Import Executive!

They will be closely concerned with older Cabinet committees. One for Civil Defence. Another for Home Policy.

Yet another for Food Policy.

And the work of all these assemblies of busy Ministers is to be "co-ordinated" by a fifth committee of seven Ministers!

With the Prime Minister himself as the final arbiter!

A Strange System

Mr. Churchill has been badly advised!

Before Parliament reassembles he should have a better organisation.

There must be a master plan and a competent Minister to see that it is carried out.

Unfair to ask a Minister already overburdened with an important Department to take responsibility for the Productions Committee!

Still More Muddle

The growth of the Army does not keep step with the growth of war industry.

Money lags behind war costs.

Agriculture fails to stock our larder.

Instead, we hope for the best.

We muddle through.

Would You Believe It?

Conscription age may be raised to forty-five.

Millions of men are soon to be called up.

Who will take their places in the war factories?

Who will supply them with the equipment they will need?

Women, presumably.

Last winter, Mr. Churchill declared that a million women were wanted for war work. Now, a year later, some of them are to be sent to Government centres for training.

How many? Not a million.

Only three thousand.

Wasted Talent

Will the Services use the skill of men taken from the arms factories?

Apparently not.

Waste of talent will continue.

From this week's postbag, JOHN BULL extracts these examples of preposterous folly:

A skilled tool fitter is washing plates and heaving coal in the R.A.F. A shipwright is a waiter in an Army mess.

Want Him Back

An R.A.F. sergeant is to be sent abroad though unfit.

His former employers, wanting his help to make long-distance bombers, cannot secure his release.

A Marine is in the same position.

Yet the Services still appeal for skilled men.

Still more skilled men are to be conscripted—to wash plates and wait on N.C.O.s.

Costliest War

The nation wants more food. What is our policy for agriculture?

There is no policy. There are only piecemeal measures—left to local committees. Its Minister is not even on the new Productions Executive.

This is the costliest war in history.

What is the Government's financial policy? It has none.

Money Lying Idle

Instead, the heavily-taxed little man is begged to lend his savings to the State.

The banks are begged to invest in War Bonds. They are merely rebuked when they hold back in the hope of getting an extra half per cent. interest.

Millions of pounds lie idle.

The Banks Profit

Charity Commissioners alone have £92,000,000 from defunct funds dating back to the Boer War.

Religious movements that no longer exist have left a trifle more than £100,000,000 behind them.

Forgotten bank deposits, dating back two hundred years or so, add millions and millions more to the total.

Some of it is loaned to the Government, certainly. The Government pays interest upon it. The banks profit.

No one suggests that it should be lent free of interest.

Financial Fumbling

That is typical of the Government's fumbling in finance.

Its intentions are often admirable. But it is frightened of bold measures.

Mr. Arthur Greenwood is now studying after-the-war reconstruction. A job for which he is eminently fitted.

But would not his task be easier if he could base his plans on nationalisation of the land and transport?

Without such reforms, reconstruction will be a patchy compromise.

All to the State

One reformer is advocating that all capital shall belong to the State.

No man would be allowed to own more than £100,000.

He could make gifts from that fortune to his children and bequeath them a home.

But the rest would return to the State after his death.

By such a plan, it is claimed, the National Debt would be extinguished in a generation.

Otherwise, we should have a National Debt of s:teen thousand million pounds after a four-year war!

Tackle Them Now

Such schemes should be considered now.

We must not leave plans for peace until the war is over. We cannot afford to delay war plans for another year or so.

We must get guns, shells, bombs and bombers quickly.

We must see that every branch of the nation's activity is used to its utmost capacity.

And the mere appointment of fresh committees will not mobilise Britain without a clear-cut, forthright policy.

Up to You, Winston

No, it won't do, Mr. Churchill!

You should not have to concern yourself with a host of problems.

You should devote yourself to the strategy of which you are a master.

We all admire your courage, your determination, your energy.

But we want something else—a productions policy which your Ministers can carry out.

For we shall not win a speedy victory by muddling through!

(Continued overleaf)

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

£35,000

ALREADY PAID

Under "John Bull's" Great Wartime Security Gift

See Momentous Announcement on Page 16

RIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page

UNLESS you want mental indigestion, don't think about food, because the state of the nation's larder can now be summed up as **Muddle. Waste. Profiteering. Plenty for the few, shortage for most of us.**

Present system of control has as many holes as a colander.

Latest attempts to patch it suggest the use of the soldering-iron by a tired tinker Plenty of holes remain.

Too Late, My Lord

To defeat food speculators who are forcing up prices Lord Woolton announces maximum prices for many kinds of commodities.

Why wait until the speculators are at work?

Same scandal happened with the Christmas turkey, you remember. Prices were not controlled until wholesale profiteering had taken place.

Same thing is happening now with chickens and other poultry.

Their prices will presumably be controlled some day—after the ramp has flourished for months.

It's a Crime!

Lord Woolton says he will not hesitate to reduce the meat ration still further.

Shortage may be due to U-boat action, or need to send munitions abroad.

Any of these causes can be understood.

What defies comprehension is the glut of meat for restaurants while housewives are allowed only a few scraps to feed manual workers.

JOHN BULL **has described this paradox as a crime against the nation.**

We repeat the charge.

Meat in Plenty

No shortage in the restaurants patronised by the well-to-do!

Go into Simpson's in the Strand. Be amazed at the supplies of turkey, beef, lamb, mutton, ham!

Drop into the great hotels and watch the great fortifying themselves with great helpings of the meat that is so scarce!

If you can't afford to do so, stay at home and be thankful for a 1s. 2d. ration once a week!

Could If He Would

Lord Woolton has done good work. But he can do better.

He can do so by controlling ALL prices NOW. By making diners-out give up ration coupons—even if canteens in arms factories are exempted. Not enough merely to "cut" the big supplies to restaurants.

Thus would price rackets be stopped.

Restaurants would take less meat supplies, serve more vegetable dishes and so ease the glut of home-produced vegetables.

Whitehall Gossips

Less generous meals in restaurants might incidentally persuade "paper soldiers" to spend less than two hours at lunch.

Staff officers seem to have plenty of time to while away.

So do many Civil Servants.

Mr. Churchill tells Whitehall word-spinners to be brief.

He might also urge a reduction in Whitehall's tea-making.

Wasted Qualifications

Whitehall is still not making sufficient use of professional men.

One qualified structural engineer, with three degrees to his name and much experience, has been on the Central Register for a year.

Appeals for work from Government Departments are ignored.

Yet this is the most mechanical war in history!

Needs Tackling Now

Lord Noel-Buxton, of "Save the Children" fame, has spotted another omission in official organisation.

He wants special provision for the maintenance and upbringing of children who have been made orphans by Nazi bombs.

The State, not private charity, must accept responsibility for their care.

—And They Talked!

Sometimes the responsibility for the effects of German bombs rests with many people.

Large ordnance factory was being built near a small village. Its location and purpose were kept secret by the authorities—until billeting officers sought accommodation for the 11,000 men to be employed.

They are alleged to have told landladies all about the new factory. And the landladies talked.

So the site was bombed.

There's a moral in that for all of us.

Lived in a Ruin

"Treat the bombed generously!" Mr. Churchill exhorts the authorities.

Some do.

But not all.

Legless, eighty-year-old man and his wife owned their own house. Rent from the upper flat and his pension formed their income.

Dug out from the wreckage after a bomb, they were informed that the house was habitable.

For a time they lived in the leaky ruins, without gas, light, water or sanitation.

Then the premises were condemned.

Penalised Again

A relief grant of £5 and 10s. a week billeting allowance was paid to them. They were offered shelter by a son-in-law who had seen them only four or five times in his life.

Applying for public assistance, they were refused because they could not give information about the son-in-law's income!

So the Means Test still harries the unluckiest members of the community.

Has It No Shame!

Need for official generosity is shown by this grim sequel to the Coventry raid.

Father of one girl victim was first told that the council would arrange for her burial.

Then he was informed that he could bury her outside the municipal boundary.

He made arrangements with undertakers. Then he found that she had already been interred.

Well, he insisted on removing the body and arranging the funeral.

But the council bluntly refuses to meet the cost of burial.

Deserve Consideration

A.F.S. men also deserve some consideration. It isn't enough to recognise that they are the war's bravest fighters.

Some of those injured in London's holocaust last September are still in hospital. They have been informed that, as they are still unfit after thirteen weeks, they must presume themselves discharged on medical grounds.

And some have had no pay for ten weeks.

What reward for brave services!

What consolation for sickness and repeated operations!

What incentive to others to join the fire-fighters!

An Army Story

We shall not vouch for the next example of pettiness.

It is almost—but not quite—incredible.

R.A.F. corporal, ordered a gargle by the doctor, was charged a shilling deposit on the bottle by the orderly.

A joke?

If so, it's a bad one.

What About It!

Col. "Josh" Wedgwood, M.P., suggests that British Fascists have entered the Pioneers and been put in charge of Austrian and German Jews.

We hope that the new War Minister, Capt. Margesson, will investigate this allegation at once.

The Government should also ask itself whether the policy of releasing Fascists from jail has anything to do with the new outbreak of "Release Mosley; Intern the Jews" slogans now being chalked up on walls in Manchester, London, and East Anglia.

Behind the News

● **Latest Rumanian trouble may soon cause open Nazi-Soviet split. Moscow knows it was engineered by Nazi agents disguised as extreme nationalists, first to give Hitler an excuse to take over Rumania completely and next to demand the return of Bessarabia from Russia.**

● *Goering's 1941 food plans have been seriously upset by Russian refusal to export Bessarabian wheat; £5,000,000 contracts for this wheat "on the stalk" had been placed by Nazi emissary Dr. Clodius just before the Russian swoop into the country.*

● The cumulative destruction of Nazi airplane factories is causing the "hoarding" of *Luftwaffe* machines in order to compete with the increased R.A.F. activities anticipated later in the year.

● **Nazi training 'planes are being overcrowded in order to save time and petrol. Result: more accidents.**

● *Since R.A.F. successes against Lorient U-boat base, Italy has begged the return of submarines requisitioned by Germany. Appeal refused further hostility between the two countries.*

● Fascist leader Ansaldo's "woe" broadcast reflects the failure of Gestapo and propaganda experts, who had been pouring into Italy since the first Libyan defeats to whip up war enthusiasm.

● **Procession of Fascist industrialists and the rich are daily leaving Italy for Spain. Their bank accounts have been closed, the money used to buy jewels, furs, rare stamps and pictures that can be carried with them.**

● *Other Italians are trying to make their way to South America. Latin-American countries, considering new legislation to prevent complications, are keeping a close look-out for Nazi spies who may try to get in this way.*

● **Nazi agents already in South America have failed to break support for the proposal to lend or lease sheltering German or Italian vessels to the Allies. To avoid legal fuss, the ships may be arrested for non-payment of harbour dues and sold by auction.**

● **Through diplomatic channels, U.S.A. has informed Germany that a complete list of Nazi agents, together with full details of their activities, is now in possession of the Federal authorities. Axis leaders fear that further sabotage will result in arrest of many of their most valuable "technicians."**

● *Goebbels is in serious trouble with high Nazi circles. They blame him for the failure of propaganda and President Roosevelt's exposure of Hitler's new world plans.*

● **While Nazi demands on France are being resisted, Service chiefs are taking no chances. All vessels likely to be of use to the Nazis are being quietly moved to African bases. Officers demobilised by German orders when France collapsed are spending "long leave" in Algeria.**

Caught Napping!

Not entirely to blame are the local authorities who have been "caught napping" by heavy air attacks.

They have power to requisition property and provide furniture, cooking utensils and so on for bombed-out people.

But they are not allowed to exercise this power before the actual emergency.

Mr. MacDonald, Minister of Health, is the man who should tell them to go ahead and be damned to the regulations.

"How It Is Made"

JOHN BULL's great Presentation to its readers of an amazing new book—"HOW IT IS MADE"—has swept the country.

The reason—we are all living in a practical age. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men and women out of a thousand want to know how the miracles of engineering, science and building are actually made—bombers, ocean liners, cars, wireless—and how newspapers and talkies are prepared.

Construction of these and other wonders of the age is explained in over 400 remarkable drawings, diagrams and photographs in "HOW IT IS MADE."

This book is available to prompt applicants at an amazingly low privilege price.

Readers who have not yet applied for their copies should do so at once by sending in the Application Form which appears on page 23.

BUSINESS before PLEASURE

IN the bitterness of bereavement, "Reprisals" is a tempting word. There are Members of Parliament who want to pay the Germans back in their own coin. Some of them asked the Premier what he thought about it.

"Business before pleasure, Gentlemen!" he answered sardonically, and hurried on to work.

Not that Mr. Churchill or any other fair-minded person could take "pleasure" in bombing German women and children. His point was that this kind of savagery does not pay.

Mr. Hugh Dalton, Minister of Economic Warfare, has said that he would rather see the Leuna synthetic oil plant a smoking heap of ruins than the destruction of every dwelling-house in Berlin.

So would JOHN BULL; infinitely rather.

We are not squeamish.

We know that German civilians are sometimes killed even when our bombers take pains to aim at military objectives, and we have no qualms about that.

War is a ruthless business, however you look at it, and the one thing that matters to the British Commonwealth is to win quickly and decisively.

For that reason we are bound to be ruthless not only to the enemy, but also to our own people. We are forced to attack their pockets, their privileges and their stomachs.

These are "legitimate objectives" on the Home Front. What we must not tolerate is "indiscriminate attack" upon any particular section of the community.

There must be no economic bombardment of women and children and the very poor.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
By The Editor

JOHN BULL" says to the Government:

"Business before pleasure, Gentlemen!

Beware of pity, but remember that it does not *pay* to allow workers and their families to go undernourished.

"Nor does it pay to squeeze anybody out of a livelihood unless and until you can find more useful work for him to do.

"Above all, it doesn't pay to muddle along, to persuade where you should command, and to 'go easy' with 'hard cases.'"

We address this reminder particularly to Mr. Ernest Bevin and Sir Andrew Duncan, the respective chairmen of the new Production and Import Committees.

For weeks past JOHN BULL has been urging Mr. Churchill to appoint an "O.C., Home Front." Instead, he has preferred to divide this great responsibility between the Minister of Labour and National Service and the Minister of Supply.

Both are able and forceful men, but it will take their utmost tact to "skipper the unchanged ministerial team," and to induce each member of it to "play for the side alone."

If they can do that, and not otherwise, this country will "get down to business" at last.

There is urgent business to do, and none more urgent than the framing of a war-time wages policy. This has been put off far too long, with the result that there are scandalous inequalities and much local discontent.

As the cost of living rises, group after group of workers demands increased wages. We do not blame them, but we know that, if all these demands were granted, the cost of living would rise higher and faster still.

Employers point this out, but the men protest that their particular increase won't make much difference. Moreover, they are well aware that the Government is the real paymaster.

It should act as such.

JOHN BULL maintains that it ought to establish a minimum wage for all workers, based upon what they need now to live without hardship.

Having done that, a graduated cost-of-living bonus ought to be granted automatically with every rise of so many points in the index figure.

Finally, at least for the duration of the war, JOHN BULL thinks that the State should grant a family allowance of, say, five shillings a head to the children of all workers on the minimum wage.

This is war time, but even when we were at peace it was shockingly bad business to pay any workers less than would keep them decently fed, clothed and housed.

It was insanely bad business to leave growing children undernourished.

What was true then is doubly true now, when basic wages must be kept down to prevent inflation, and yet the need for healthy, efficient workers and sturdy children is greater than ever.

We believe that employers and workers would both agree cheerfully to the general proposal of a minimum wage, if it were accompanied, as we suggest, by a graduated cost-of-living bonus and a family allowance.

Having regard to the number of children who are already State supported, we should not place the annual cost of this tremendous reform at more than £50,000,000, or, say, five days' war expenditure.

Outside the war industries, some employers would certainly complain that they could not afford to pay the fixed minimum wage. If that were true, we say their business would not be worth preserving.

Yet executives should think twice before they permit the final ruin of a multitude of small traders and "one-man businesses."

Sir Wyndham Childs drew attention in a recent article to the miserable plight of 200,000 small retailers in the tobacco and confectionery trade. Restriction of supplies has brought many of them to the verge of ruin.

Part of that restriction was unavoidable. Part of it was due to over-lavish treatment of canteens and other "official" competitors in this trade, and there has been some improvement in this regard since Sir Wyndham's article appeared.

JOHN BULL maintains that the nation has no right to victimise any particular trade or industry, and that it owes swift compensation to a host of little shopkeepers, so-called "luxury traders," seaside landladies and others, who have lost, or almost lost, their livelihoods through the emergencies of war.

It would be a different story if the majority of these people could be at once absorbed into productive war work. Until that happens, the Government owes them a debt which it would be sound business to discharge.

FOOD and wages are so intimately connected that a national food policy ought obviously to be adopted, too. JOHN BULL has drawn attention over and over again to scandals of waste, bad distribution, and profiteering, and many of these are almost unabated to this day.

We now observe, rather more hopefully, that Lord Woolton, the Food Minister, is making fresh efforts to end some of them.

He has controlled the price of many commodities which had become shockingly dear owing to the avarice of speculators, and he is discussing with the catering trade means to restrict the greedy appetites of the rich.

But a national policy needs to go much farther than that.

It needs to establish the basic principles of price control and apply them with rigid impartiality to producers, wholesalers and retailers alike.

If the coupon system is not advisable in restaurants and hotels, then the consumption of food in these places ought to be restricted in some other way; for instance, by forbidding the sale of rationed foods on certain days.

DISTRIBUTION would still remain an outstanding problem that could only be solved by the united efforts of the Cabinet "team."

For lack of this united effort—this essential co-ordination of all activities on the Home Front—there is a coal shortage again with miners idle; there is ample food in one district and scarcity in another; and, still worse, there are war workers forced to "go slow" because essential material is not available at the right time in the right place.

JOHN BULL believes that no Government has ever had a more willing people to lead—a people not only ready but eager to face danger, endure hardship and serve their country.

They understand the meaning of "business before pleasure." All they ask is that their leaders should conduct the nation's business in a completely business-like way.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Take it Easy

ACCORDING to the writers of sensational fiction, American gangsters always try to soothe their victims by remarking, "Take it easy, now! Take it easy! Everything's gonna be all right!"

Usually things are "gonna be" all wrong, but the advice to "take it easy" nevertheless remains sound. The art of relaxation is an invaluable one.

It is quite true that no one knows of what he is capable until something makes a call on his hidden resources.

It is also true that those resources are practically unlimited, but what is equally true is that the sum total of our nervous energy is not unlimited at any given moment.

That is why it is so foolish to waste temper (only another name for one form of nervous energy) over trifles; why it is foolish to waste it in the form of worry and anxiety which so often turn out to have been unnecessary: why it is silly to use up more than is necessary over whatever job you have in hand, by resenting your work and similar dissipations of a precious stock.

True, whatever we use up we can replace, but what we waste vanishes without achieving anything—the most useless form of expenditure you can imagine.

Hence the wisdom of the gangster's advice to take it easy.

There is never any point in using energy unless it is going to achieve something.

Mental efficiency depends on physical efficiency; and physical efficiency depends on the wise use of the human machine.

It depends on keeping the machine well-tuned.

This can only be done if "taking it easy" is indulged in deliberately as a means to an end, as a means of reserving our real bursts of energy until they are needed.

Too much—and one day real trouble will arise.

Something will go really wrong.

Something will break down.

So—take it easy now!

OPEN LETTERS

The CHAIRMAN,
Herts C.O. Tribunal

DEAR SIR,—I don't think Nemo Ermini will make a good soldier.

There's a good reason.

His father fought for us in the last war. This time, he was interned, deported in the *Arandora Star*, and lost.

Before this, young Nemo had been turned down by the Home Guard because his father was an Italian. So he joined the A.F.S., but resigned on hearing of his father's death.

Yet he is expected to fight for us. Although sympathetic, you refuse to excuse him as a conscientious objector.

Sympathy won't sweeten injustice.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—While Eire is menaced by Nazi bombs and Nazi invasion, against which it cannot adequately defend itself, you still allow children to be sent there under the evacuation scheme.

Would they not be as safe in rural Britain?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. LINDA CURTISS,
Nocknall, Notts

MADAM,—Motherhood is mocked by such mothers as you; your neglect is more repellent than calculated cruelty.

When your husband went to work at nine each night you also went out and often did not return until eleven. Your two-year-old daughter, left alone, was heard whimpering during gunfire.

The fine of £4 imposed on you is no measure of the contempt every decent parent will feel.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. JOHN HERBERT,
Swansea

DEAR SKIPPER,—Give a disabled tramp steamer a cool head on the bridge and a quick hand at the gun, and she'll be as much a man-o'-war as any grey-hulled destroyer.

Congratulations on having both!

Boiler trouble had forced the *Sarastone* down to two knots when you sighted the U-boat and ordered your light gun into action.

A good shot, that gunner. First he knocked out the U-boat's heavy gun.

Jerry carried on with his light gun. Then your own man crashed a shell on to his armour. Leaving him to choke in his own cloud of smoke and yellow fume, you limped home to port.

Good luck—and good hunting—on your next trip. —JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER LYTTELTON, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Many of Southampton's bombed citizens need warm clothes.

Clothiers' stocks have been destroyed and cannot be replaced because of the quota. It would be a long business just to increase the quota, your Department admits, so it advises the City Council to order the clothes and act as a distributing agency!

If your Department hasn't learned that regulations must be capable of quick adjustment, war cannot have taught it anything at all.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—Monstrous that "tin hats" may soon be available to people who have no need to risk their lives while wardens still go short!

In one bombed town on the Lancashire border four wardens must share one steel helmet and one C.D. respirator.

Their caps are hardly a protection against shell splinters, yet the local M.P. has tried in vain to get them the equipment that might save them from death.

I depend on you to succeed where he has failed. —JOHN BULL.

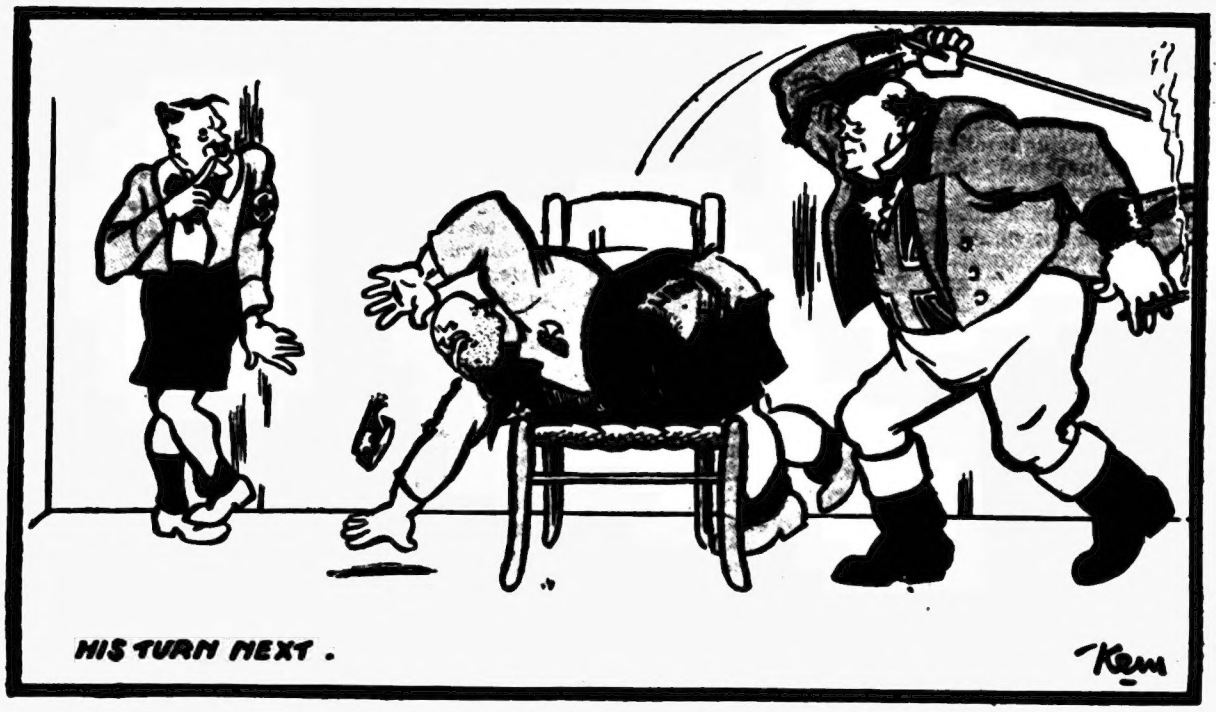
Sir THOMAS GARDINER,
Director-General, Post Office

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—I'm told that postal services are improving. Unfortunately, I have no personal evidence of this modern miracle.

Letters I posted a week ago seem to have been lost in oblivion. Telegrams sometimes share their mysterious fate.

Members of my staff find that they can 'phone quickly from the provinces to London, but not from London to the provinces.

I doubt whether air raids can explain all these oddities. I even doubt if there's any real reason.—JOHN BULL.



Rt. Hon. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—War supplies must be speeded up, the Cabinet has decided. That depends on better transport.

We must increase our exports. That, also, depends on improved transport.

So we must look to you, one of the keymen in the Government, for a plan on which our war plans must be based.

Have you such a plan? Are you able to assure us that no longer will munitions be delayed, raw materials kept from the factories, home food supplies denied to some districts?

Can you tell us that at last, sixteen months after war's outbreak, transport is to be freed from the terrible inefficiency imposed by vested interests?

Road haulage is deliberately strangled. Canals are neglected. Docks lie unused. But a virtual monopoly is still granted to the railways, whose management has been criticised for years.

One West Country dock, near an important rail junction, can accommodate only two small vessels instead of five large ones.

A thousand feet of its wharf water space has been allowed to silt up since the last war—because it is owned by a rail company.

That is typical.

You know, as a road transport expert, how similar abuses prevent the maximum use of our highways.

I am not blaming you. I realise the incubus you inherited when you took office. I respect your abilities and your energy.

But you will not succeed in co-ordinating all systems of transport and giving us a great new plan for rail, road, water and air services unless they are nationalised.

And that should be the very first step in harnessing the strength of Britain.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR WALTER,—So miserable are pensions for dependants of the fallen that even a miser's heart would be touched by pity.

Widow of an Army sergeant gets 15s. 6d. a week, plus 3s. for rank, because she is just under forty and has no children.

Yet her building society payments and rates amount to 21s. a week. Not even you could suggest how she is to stave off hardship.

But you will, I hope, urge the Cabinet to raise pension rates to at least the levels of the last war.—JOHN BULL.

BOARD OF ADMIRALTY

GENTLEMEN,—It's a tribute to you that never once have I heard a grumble about poor rations in the Navy. But I mean to grumble about too generous rations.

Some ships seem to get more food than they require. I hear of surplus food and empty tins from a destroyer in dock being hoisted by crane in a great basket and tipped over the dock gates.

One day, seventy-two wrapped loaves fell from the basket!

Tell your quartermasters to be more economical. —JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. H. C. B. WEMYSS,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL, — Householders compulsorily evacuated from Defence Areas are not even allowed to visit their homes during daylight.

But dances are still held inside the area for the benefit of officers and their friends.

Is it wise? Is it fair?—JOHN BULL.

THREW A BOMB OVERBOARD

★ *Continuing* **DEEDS THAT NEVER DIE**, *the author of "Elephant in Jet" adds another story of shining courage to his collection of war epics by describing how a fleet of unarmed trawlermen defied a downpour of incendiary bombs, scattered among them by ruthless Nazi pilots*

This photograph, taken by a Nazi navigator, shows how a British Merchant ship looks from the inside of a power-diving aircraft

By Frank Stuart

IT was a pleasant morning, so the Luftwaffe decided to go out and kill something. As a change from bombing women and children and machine-gunning youngsters coming out of school, ten multi-engined bombers selected a convoy of cargo ships from among the many that pass daily up the Channel, and went screaming down to attack.

On the tiny ships below, the warning buzzers sounded, tin-hatted men raced to little guns, engine telegraphs clanged baffling changes of speed, ships darted this way and that without collisions, along lines worked out by a mathematical genius, the turbines screamed louder, and from the after decks came sudden yellow blots of light as the guns began to spit.

A slim, grey destroyer raced round like a cat after its tail, its A.A. guns stabbing at the Heinkels as they released their bombs.

The grey sea boiled in gigantic cauldrons, hiding each ship from its neighbour. But when the turbulence had subsided, there they were, each dogged, steaming along, twisting and turning like March hares yet never straying out of the convoy formation—and every gun thud-thudding at the climbing bombers.

Particularly at one of them, climbing slower than the rest, like a hawk with a broken wing.

The white puffs ring it round.

With dramatic suddenness there is a cottonwool burst plumb beneath its starboard wing, and the wing breaks off close against the body, bringing down an engine.

And the Heinkel, tipping its other wing, comes spinning down and smashes into the sea half a mile astern.

The Heinkels had not reckoned on such a loss.

Instead of screeching down in a second dive, they turn away, with the inexplicable readiness of German aircraft to accept as concluded any engagement in which they suffer unexpectedly.

Easy Prey!

Somewhere up by the Dogger, the goggled German gunners, looking down out of the skies, see a score of black dots, far separated, lying on the face of the crawling grey sea. Fishing boats, quietly busy at their vocation, gathering the silver harvest of the sea.

Something that cannot strike back!

In the bombers' cabins there is sudden wild activity.

No need to waste big bombs on these helpless little boats.

Incendiaries are cheaper. They can be broadcast all over the ships below.

The Heinkels greedily choose their victims.

And down below Skipper James Sadler stares upward from the deck of the Grimsby trawler *Lavinia*.

"We'd better get the men below, Mr. Melhuish," he says grimly. "They're going to have a go at us, I think."

The mate nods.

"Heinkels," he says, lowering his glasses; "they must be hard up for a job."

"Get below, my lads," the skipper calls sharply.

Reluctantly, with clenched fists and brown faces scowling up at the black dots far above, the jerseyed fishermen trudge down out of sight, and the ship lies on the water, rocking gently, waiting for a savage bombing.

The skipper and mate stand in the wheelhouse, built to protect them against splashing seas, penetrable by the lightest bullet. . . .

And then, like some stupendous thunderbolt, the Heinkel comes screaming down, swooping so low that it seems that she means to pick the trawler out of the water as a sea-eagle claws up a fish.

GRRRRRRR . . . RRRRRRR . . . RRRR . . .

The bomber is climbing up the sky and incendiary bombs are splashing and fizzing and spouting white flame all over the sea.

"Missed!" says the skipper laconically.

"You'd think they could do better than that," comments Melhuish, the mate.

The goggled faces peer down from the bomber's windows.

These pig-dog English seem to have the luck of the Devil himself.

The pilot attains height by a climbing turn, makes a run-up, and puts the nose of his machine down in another terrific dive. The bomb-aimer stands by his levers.

The bomb-traps open.

CLANG-GGG!

An incendiary has smacked down full on the Lavinia's deck, and rolled into the scuppers, where it bursts into intense white flame, spluttering, hurling off white-hot fragments, sending out hissing heat that blisters the paint and scorches the wood, and begins to ignite it.

The Skipper Acts

Melhuish, the mate, is aware of a sort of hurricane of oilskins tearing by him, accompanied by words which are not in the "Sailing Directions," and Skipper Sadler goes for that bomb as if it were a German boarder in person.

But the terrific heat blisters and drives him staggering back.

He stands off a little, snarling, staring at his adversary.

The bomb roars and hisses into tenfold fury, spattering a great lump of incandescent metal almost to his feet.

And then the Heinkel comes screeching down again, as though in personal attack at that dogged figure out there exposed on the burning deck.

The bombs leave the trap and come whining with terrifying suddenness all around, and another strikes the Lavinia with a metallic clang—and jumps overboard.

Others whizz into spray, steam and foam just overside.

But Sadler is still watching the flaming bomb.

Suddenly, as its intensity momentarily dwindles, he stamps in towards it, picks it up in his hands. . . .

It flames into wild life, and he looks as though his arms are bathed in fire. Then he swings it out and overboard, where it splutters and foams and vanishes—and the skipper is stamping on the charred, glowing spots on the deck from which the bomb has gone.

Help from the Navy

There was a lull in the bloody rain from the skies.

Men stared round—pointed. . . .

Coming up at 34 knots, carrying a bone in her teeth, was a British destroyer, her guns blazing up at the vultures that had dared to attempt this wholesale murder on the Free Seas.

The black dots rose and fled away. . . .

Skipper Sadler was looking at his burned hands.

"I'll get some oil on these," he said, almost apologetically. "Meanwhile, we'd better carry on, Mr. Melhuish."

And they completed a further week's fishing!

After all, the *Lavinia* is usually out for two weeks at a time, and there was really no point in going back to Grimsby because a Hun had been practising bombing.

Sadler was decorated and Melhuish was commended for his courage.

A few days after she left port again the *Lavinia* was picked out for another brutal bombing attack. It failed.

"We're getting used to this sort of thing," Skipper Sadler said briefly when he next came ashore.

NEXT WEEK:
"THE PUPPY OF DUNKIRK."

Daredevils of the News-Reels

EVEN those Londoners who had to walk through seared streets, picking their way among hose-pipes, dodging falling debris, and pausing to watch firemen pouring water on office buildings that were still blazing hungrily, did not realise the full extent of the London fire-blitz until they saw the news-reel pictures of the raid.

Taking their cameras into the heart of the inferno, risking death from high explosives injury from incendiary bombs that were still falling on the City fires, the news-reel cameramen made a record of Nazi barbarism that will remain an everlasting indictment of Hitler's régime.

For posterity, they witnessed a massacre.

That is their job, and even in the worst Hell of war they never forget to keep the camera crank turning.

* * *

A news-reel cameraman in war time is stationed with the armies, as much in the front line as any soldier, steadfastly getting his pictures under shell-fire, bombs and the machine-gun attacks of low-flying aircraft.

Keeping alive is a secondary consideration. The first is a good picture.

Posted with the B.E.F. in France, cameraman Martin Gray and his sound engineer Norman Fisher travelled into Flanders through Amiens, Arras and Lille, which were then flourishing towns.

When they returned by the same route they thundered through the villages just a little ahead of the oncoming German armies.

Bombs were falling. Roof-tops collapsed.

Masonry toppled about them.

And they left each smoking, devastated village with a permanent record of the havoc photographed from the back of the retreating motor-car.

The two men were saved by a matter of seconds from being marooned in France.

Bombed out of their headquarters, they set up again at an old chateau. But when the German advance made their leaving imperative, they stacked their equipment into their car and set out for Boulogne harbour.

Then the car broke down and had to be abandoned with £25,000 worth of gear. But countless feet of valuable film were salvaged. . . .

* * *

They requisitioned a lorry, but their progress was seriously impeded by the scurrying, panic-stricken refugees swarming the coast roads.

They drove madly . . . bumping across fields . . . mounting the sidewalks. . . . And they eventually reached the quay a minute before the last gang-plank was hoisted in.

What should have been a twenty-minute journey took them nearly an hour, but they escaped with their lives—and a lasting pictorial record of the French collapse.

Cinemagoers, viewing these grim pictures from a comfortable plush seat, probably gave little thought to the terrible conditions in which this striking piece of photography was accomplished.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

GHOULS OF THE BLITZ

LEGAL touts, exploiting tragedies caused by the *Luftwaffe*, are finding easy-pickings among those families that are still numbed by the savagery of a "blitz-night" of air attacks.

They are employing with utter ruthlessness the unscrupulous methods of peace-time ambulance-chasers.

Many of these ambulance-chasers have even gone into "business" with them.

They descend like vultures, when the smoke and fury of the raid have passed, to batten on stricken families.

They haunt the ruins, sympathise with the bereaved, help the dispossessed, and pose as representatives of some important-sounding organisation.

"Blitz-ghouls" haunt ruins of bomb-shattered homes waiting to prey on the bereaved

Boys Paid to Loot

SOCIAL workers and magistrates at juvenile courts are becoming alarmed at the growing prevalence of looting by youngsters.

Behind these child criminals there are adult receivers who, in some areas, actively encourage them to pillage.

These "bombed area Fagins" are seldom captured because they take good care to ensure that the looted goods are swiftly removed from their premises.

* * *

A few weeks ago in a Kentish town several boys appeared before a juvenile court charged with stealing property from bombed houses.

Property stolen by them included cutlery, table-cloths, watches, binoculars, and jewellery.

A JOHN BULL investigator learned that the lads had been employed by two women and a man who had paid them well.

A detective who has during the past few months enquired into many instances of juvenile looting is disturbed by the fact that numerous children are being deliberately encouraged to raid bombed shops and houses by receivers who pay them small sums of pocket money for property which is worth many pounds.

"This is one of the most sinister aspects of looting from bombed premises," he said.

* * *

Sometimes child looters are brought into bombed areas by bus or car from their home districts, which is often some distance away

I have evidence that in several provincial towns which have suffered severe bombing, looting by juveniles is quickly becoming a well-organised racket. The administrators are seasoned thieves who know how to elude the police.

In one Northern town a gang of boys raiding a bombed food factory used a raft to cross a canal. They loaded their loot on to the raft and propelled it back across the canal.

It had been planned that the stolen goods should be transferred to a waiting car—but something went wrong.

Growing alarmed, the adults in the car drove away. The boys were caught, and investigations showed that they did not even know the names or addresses of the criminals who had promised them money for the goods they were instructed to steal.

But they are "Blitz ghouls."

They suggest that through their expert handling a claim for compensation would be met "in next to no time."

They invariably approach the nearest relative of an air-raid victim, somebody who is still too worried to be cautious.

This seemingly "kind" offer to put through a claim for compensation is welcomed.

The unsuspecting victim of the bogus legal sharks signs on the dotted line, paying a preliminary fee of ten shillings or a guinea for expenses.

During negotiations for settlement, the victim of the plot is asked for further "expenses."

If there is hesitation, the legal tout threatens to drop the whole thing.

Usually this threat succeeds, and more money is handed over.

If the claim succeeds, legal aid experts draw a commission of 10 per cent.

Callous Touts

There was a startling instance at Nottingham recently of the callousness of these touts.

When a local fireman was sent north for special raid duty, his wife received a letter addressed to "The Personal Representative of Fireman Horace Danby (deceased)."

Knowing that her husband was serving in a bombed city, she feared the worst.

Actually her husband was neither dead nor injured.

This letter had been sent by the London and Provincial Compensation Claims Association, of Bell Lane, Gloucester.

"We shall be pleased to arrange," wrote a Mr. A. P. Copping, "an adequate settlement of your claim for compensation if you will kindly complete the enclosed accident claim form and return it to us."

Then followed the demand for 10 per cent. of the amount of compensation obtained.

Exploiting Grief

This is not an isolated instance, and many wives must have received similar letters, suggesting that their husbands have been killed on air raid duty.

Another firm of legal touts in Liverpool has recently been using the same methods of exploiting the grief of those bereaved.

Those in need of advice about making claims for compensation will find that the local Citizens' Advice Bureau is only too willing to help.

But they must be careful when approached by "compensation" experts.

Meantime, the bereaved should be protected by law from the attentions of these ghouls.

THEY MUST BE WATCHED

FRANCIS D. DEACON, osteopath with amazing self-assurance, is again sending out circulars from Cambridge Road, Worthing, and Market Square, Horsham, hoping to attract patients.

Deacon has the impudence to drag the Queen into his circulars.

"Our present Queen," he says, "decided to consult an osteopath recently, to be treated for her neck trouble, which was thoroughly successful after being treated and corrected osteopathically, and gave Her Majesty relief from the distressing pain she was suffering."

Although he boasts of being a Master of Science and a Doctor of Philosophy, Deacon has been prosecuted for "wilfully and falsely using the title of doctor."

He is an ex-convict, and has been convicted on several occasions for fraud and larceny.

When this man was operating in Brighton, I had the pleasure of exposing his activities.

Now that he is at work in Worthing and Horsham I hope this further warning may curtail his activities and save persons in these towns from being exploited.

* * *

"P.S.O.S., The Son of God," whose address is c/o The Post Master, G.P.O., Allahabad, is sending out circulars for another reason.

He wants a wife.

This blaspheming rascal appeals to young women of "Spiritual Birth" to accept him as a husband, "temporarily on conditions revereed."

What this means is not clear, but apparently he expects his wife to support him.

He will be content, he says, "with the daughter of a really rich man who can at least give me a good few thousand as a dowry."

I hope that his widespread matrimonial offer will not delude any young women of "Spiritual Birth" or otherwise.

Idling in a War Factory

IT is easy for Government officials to make dramatic speeches calling workers to greater effort, but such talks do little good when far too many workers know from personal experience that our war-production programme still suffers greatly from inefficiency and delay.

While there have been many appeals for men to "Work at War Speed," I am astonished to learn that at one important war-production plant more than three hundred men have been dismissed.

These dismissals, I understand, concern semi-skilled men, whose shops have been working a bare forty-seven hours a week.

Typical of the slackness at this centre is that a notice calling for Drawing Office Assistants was posted twelve weeks after the date appended to the signature.

Those who then applied were told that the posts had been filled.

Again, a notice inviting men with engineering certificates to apply for special training was posted ten weeks after the date appended to the signature.

"By this time," said an indignant engineer, "twelve men outside Government employment, including managers of dress shops, commercial travellers, and salesmen supplied from employment exchanges, were given two months' training."

"This consisted of strolling round and attaching themselves to various benches, watching other employees at work."

After two months these men were appointed, above the heads of workers with years of experience, as overlookers!

Another grievance is that men are compelled to waste time doing nothing in particular.

Recently, an official, seeing women sitting idle at their benches, advised them "to get out their knitting."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

SOME time has elapsed since we passed on messages of thanks from those who have benefited through JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund.

Every inch of space has been needed to appeal for other sufferers in need of urgent assistance. Yet we cannot help publishing these two expressions of gratitude.

Mr. "X," of Redhill, writes: "We have been able to clear our debts, and I am now able to buy the nourishing things that my convalescent wife needs.

The widow of a clergyman says: "I am overwhelmed by your great kindness to myself and children. We would like you to express our sincere thanks to those who helped us. Such acts show that there are still good hearts willing to respond to others."

There are many more applicants still in need. Can't you help them?

Donations are acknowledged where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send anonymously.

NOW FOR HITLER!

EVENTS are moving to the decisive clash with terrific momentum. It is as though two expresses are roaring towards each other for a head-on collision.

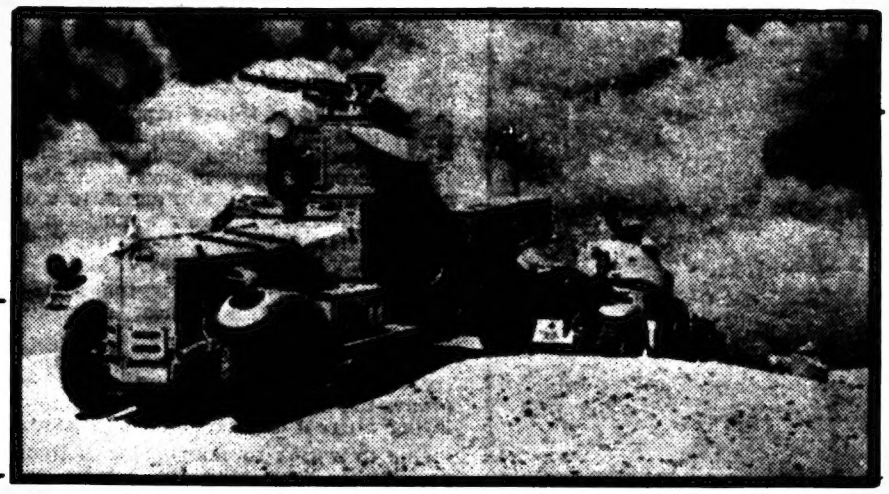
Each hopes by its superior speed, weight and violence to wreck the other and survive itself, damaged but victorious.

Two strategies are in conflict. Hitler's war machine is at its maximum: his object is to destroy us before ours can be fully assembled. With him, instancy is vital, delay fatal.

Our object is to batter his machine, delay his stroke, weaken his arm. We destroy his factories, his oil stores, his ports, his air and naval bases.

He aims at cutting our life-line with his U-boats, and at spreading terror and choos in our cities from the air.

Both strategies have their Achilles' heel—their vulnerable places. That we have found Hitler's is gloriously apparent to the whole world in the fate that has befallen his jackal.



"Mussolini has been kicked about like a football . . ." and these are some of the desert fighters who have done the kicking

Duce's Swift Collapse

It would be hard to parallel in the records of war the completeness and swiftness of Mussolini's collapse. The immense implications of that event leap to the eye from a score of angles.

Take the most obvious of them—our position in the Mediterranean. The German view is that there are two pillars of the British Empire that must be destroyed if Hitler is to win. One is this island, the other is Egypt and the Suez.

The capitulation of France nearly brought the second pillar down. It changed the balance of forces in the Mediterranean. It threw on us the whole burden of defence from Gibraltar to the Suez.

Mussolini's goal of making the Mediterranean an Italian lake seemed within his grasp. For months it was touch and go.

PERHAPS ONLY HITLER'S DEFEAT IN THE AIR BATTLES OF AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER SAVED THE SITUATION.

It delayed the attack on Egypt, and gave us priceless weeks in which to recover from the desertion of France.

Now all is dramatically changed. In the air, at sea and on land Mussolini has been kicked about like a football.

His armies are captured or in flight in Albania and Libya. The remnants of his fleet skulk under the guns of the Italian ports. The Italian 'planes scatter like rabbits before us.

Masters of the Mediterranean

Consider the consequences. We ride the Mediterranean to-day with a mastery as complete as that of Nelson 140 years ago.

The threat to Egypt and the Suez has gone. Our fleet and air force have at last a foothold on the Continent and in the islands and on the mainland of our gallant ally Greece.

From every side, including the Adriatic, Italy lies vulnerable to our arms. We are advancing along the North African coast like a prairie fire.

OUR MILITARY GENIUS IS THE TALK OF THE WORLD, AND NOT LEAST OF GERMANY. WE HAVE WIPED OUT THE BELGIAN TRAGEDY.

AND, NOT LEAST IMPORTANT OF ALL, WE HAVE DISCOVERED A GREAT SOLDIER. WAVELL ABROAD IS THE COUNTERPART OF CHURCHILL AT HOME.

And behind the military consequences are the political consequences. Hitler's whole plan of campaign has been upset by the crumbling of Italy. The attack on Egypt and the Suez was a vital part of that plan.

And now all has gone wrong. Determined to throw all his resources into an overwhelming attack on this country, he finds the lion's claw in his vulnerable heel.

Is he to fight on two fronts? Can he afford to buttress up his tottering ally?

Is it safe to turn round and plunge into an incalculable war in the Balkans alone, with Italy knocked out and our fleet in possession of the seas?

And what of this astonishing Greece? And the formidable power of Turkey behind Greece? And the dark shadow of Russia looming over the Black Sea?

These are some of the perplexities that the startling turn of events presents to him. And there are others.

Those events are having their repercussions all over the world. The prestige of the Axis has suffered a shattering blow.

Gangsterism must be invincible or it is doomed. And it is not invincible

At this smashing setback all the terrorised nations begin to take courage and all the neutrals begin to hedge.

France, with the example of Greece before

By

A. G. GARDINER

her, is recovering from her despair. She sees what strength we have and what a noisy imposter Mussolini was.

She is plucking up courage and causing Hitler serious concern.

SPAIN IS MORE INCLINED THAN EVER TO SIT ON THE FENCE NOW THAT MUSSOLINI HAS GONE DOWN LIKE A NINEPIN. IN ALL THE RAVAGED COUNTRIES OF WESTERN EUROPE THE NEWS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN HAS COME LIKE A MESSAGE OF HOPE AND DELIVERANCE.

And one can almost see the grim smile on the sardonic face of Stalin, and the worried look on the frontispiece of Matsuoka. "Have I done right in joining the Axis?" he says; "or have I played the fool?"

World's Power-House

And all these reactions are emphasised by the knowledge that the United States is now committed to see the world made safe for democracy, for civilisation and for the freedom of the human spirit.

The greatest power-house in the world is now dedicated to the defeat of the gangsters.

This fact alone is decisive except for one possibility. It is this possibility that brings me to our own Achilles' heel—our own danger spot.

Hitler's only chance of victory is to knock out this country and to do it at once, before American production can be decisive.

It will be too late next year. It will be too late this autumn. He must win this spring—at latest this summer.

I will not go into the reasons: they will be plain to anyone who will consider the facts.

The strategy is simple. It is to reduce us by terror and the destruction of our cities at home—the attempt to burn London foreshadows what is to come—and to cut off our supplies from abroad.

Hitler's Two Weapons

The bomber and the U-boat are his weapons. Should these two weapons sufficiently exhaust our resources and our capacity to suffer he will risk invasion.

THE DANGER IS REAL. AS TO THE FIRST WEAPON, I DO NOT THINK WE SHALL SUCCUMB TO TERROR. THE SPIRIT OF LONDON, COVENTRY, BRISTOL, SHEFFIELD, SOUTHAMPTON, MANCHESTER, AND THE REST GIVES ASSURANCE OF THAT.

Our peril is on the Atlantic sea lanes. There is our Achilles' heel. For however indomitable the spirit of our people, it will not avail if we have not sufficient weapons in our hands, if we have been starved of supplies.

The plain fact is that the U-boat menace is the most imperative problem we have to face. It is true that in the last three weeks there has been a decline in the sinkings.

But this may be only due to temporary withdrawal, preparatory to a mass attack at Hitler's zero hour.

And in any case the level over the past twelve months is terribly high. It approximates to what it was in those dark days of April and May, 1917, before the convoy system brought relief.

Why is the convoy less effective now? It is due to two things. First, the U-boats are far more numerous and more powerful, and their bases are not in Germany, but out on the Atlantic.

Moreover, we have insanely surrendered the naval bases on the South West Irish coast.

Second, the fact is due also to the co-operation with the U-boats of aeroplanes operating, not from Germany, but from the South of France and French West Africa, and so scouring the Atlantic and directing the submarines.

THIS IS OUR ACHILLES' HEEL. THIS IS OUR PERIL. NO VICTORIES IN LIBYA WILL CUNTERBALANCE IT. NOTHING WILL DO THAT BUT SUCH A CONCENTRATION OF DESTROYERS AND AEROPLANES IN THE ATLANTIC AS WILL KEEP THE SEA LANES CLEAR.

This is said in no alarmist spirit, and with no suggestion that everything is not being done that should be done. I hope and I believe it is.

If we survive this danger of the next few weeks and months—as I am confident we shall—Hitler's overthrow will be as certain as that of Mussolini is to-day.

There was no thought of the Nazi seamen sticking to their crippled ship, comments an R.A.F. pilot, and this picture shows what happened when the crew of a scuttled Nazi merchantman overturned the ship's boats in their frantic desire to be rescued

A Good Day's Hunting

● CONCLUDING HIS EPIC STORIES, "OUT WITH COASTAL PATROL," CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW, WHO HAS TALKED TO A SCORE OF YOUNG PILOTS, DESCRIBES AN ADVENTUROUS DAY'S MINE-LAYING IN THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS

NOW, a lot of things happen in war that are not reported in newspapers. There isn't space to recount every minor reconnaissance flight when we slip across to see how the invasion barges are mustering, or what new hidie-hole Adolf has discovered for his skulking navy.

But we know when we start that something interesting is almost sure to happen.

Even if the fjords give no sport, the coastwise waters may, and there is always the Skagerrak, and a bit of mine-laying where it is likely to do most good.

One drawback to mine-laying is that you can't always reap the harvest as you sow the seed. But I was fortunate in this respect on one occasion.

I was mine-laying in the Kattegat (it meant a 500-mile flight) when I spotted a Hun cruiser.

It wasn't escorting anything, but it might be clearing the road for a convoy of troopships.

If I'd had a torpedo I should have attacked, but having only mines I couldn't do a thing.

We were flying high because a "Flak"-ship had shot us up a bit as we crossed the Danish coast.

I told "Y," the navigator, who was then still alive, to check up on the Hun's course and approximate destination, because German cruisers do not just take the sea air for the sake of health.

They are so seldom at sea that you know they're going somewhere if you spot them.

This one spotted us and began to make haste, judging by her smoke and the thickening wake astern.

I flew over the hastening cruiser, who veiled himself in thick smoke.

With bombs or torpedo I could have spitchered him.

As it was, he gave us all his "Flak" and rocked us badly. So I didn't wait to invite disaster.

I flew on and laid the mines in a string across the mouth of the fjord to which he was steaming.

Then I beat it.

THAT might have been enough for one day.

But the cruiser was still at sea, and even though it meant a bit of a race against time, I thought it might be managed.

As usual, the ground-staff rose to the emergency.

A few modifications were swiftly made and in no time we were off again with a full load.

That cruiser must have been hitting on all cylinders!

She was five miles farther on than "Y" had estimated, and from the length and width of her wake was burning out her boilers to hunt cover in time.

I'd say she still had a mile to go when we overtook her.

She let fly at us, putting a box barrage around us that seemed to blow us end over end.

I blinked a bit and, eager to make sure, dived on her, gave the word, and a bomb fell.

A near miss.

Up went the waterspout, literally concealing her from view.

I climbed high out of range, and got ready for another attack.

It seemed to have become about the most serious matter I had ever tackled. The job was a personal affair between me and the captain of the cruiser.

He beat me off on the second dive. We were so jogged about through his barrage and the shore guns that I didn't even give the word to lay another egg.

I climbed steeply to dodge the "ak-ak," and feared I'd lost him.

Every ship in the fjord was trying to blow us through the Milky Way.

IT would have been suicide to follow farther, and I was turning back when the mines did their stuff.

The cruiser suddenly seemed lifted bodily.

The mine blew off his bows and he settled with almost pitiful suddenness.

There's misery in seeing a good ship die, even a Hun.

This 10,000-tonner had seemed so full of life and deviltry, spitting Hell at us in her own defence. Now she was still and silent.

She settled back in the water, and I almost heard the squelch. Her bow turret was awash, and soon the water was up to her bridge-works.

And there was no "stick to the ship, lads," nonsense about her crew. They went mad, fighting at the boats, diving overboard, with, so far as we could make out, the captain heading the panic.

The cruiser turned on her side like a tired dog and went down.

Her boilers blew up as the water got to them, and that explosion probably wrought more havoc with the swimmers than a stick of bombs could have done.

A mass of small craft came hurrying out to sea, firing as they came, but as they were on a mission of mercy we let them be.

Answering further pertinent questions with characteristic pungency

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHERE IS OUR ROOSEVELT?

● "Have we no spokesman to put Democracy's case as clearly and as forcibly as President Roosevelt always does?"

Someone asked me that, the other day.

The answer is "No."

Winston Churchill is a believer in the constitutional system rather than a man burning with love of democracy. He likes the Parliamentary system. It suits him. He knows how to use it.

But, obviously, he is no longer inflamed with the inward passion that, in his early days of Radicalism, made him attack a House of Lords—"End 'em," he once shouted to a great meeting—which he would now defend.

Lloyd George is the Democrat. He sprang from the people.

L. G.'s speeches sound as though they spring from the heart.

Winston's, on the other hand, are pieces of literature, obviously prepared.

Now Lloyd George and Winston are the finest speakers in Parliament.

The Labour Party has nobody who is a first-rate orator.

Attlee is too cold to be able to express himself with fervour; Morrison is too matter-of-fact; and Bevin not sufficiently polished in his style.

Then you must remember that, when we look back on History, we seem to think that all the great men of the past lived at the same time.

There has seldom been more than one world leader of opinion. To-day, it is Roosevelt, a unique personality.

WHY IS WINSTON THE TORY LEADER?

● Few things have so surprised the public, in recent months, as the fact that Winston Churchill accepted the leadership of the Tory Party, which for years kept him out of office.

I myself expected that he would rely on his personal reputation to lead a Coalition which, for a few years after the war, would start the reconstruction.

But the truth is that, during his years of exile—they lasted from 1929 until the outbreak of war—Winston sat on the Tory benches, gloomy and disconsolate, realising that without a machine he was helpless.

Opposite him, he saw the other greatest figure in the House—Lloyd George. He, too, was helpless without a Party behind him. That he lost when Baldwin destroyed the Coalition in 1922.

Yes, for years, Winston sat in a House, fearsome and fearful, making the greatest speeches of his life, telling the House the plain truth.

WHAT IS THE POWER OF THOUGHT?

● I heard on the air, the other night, a man telling us all to concentrate on well-wishing at the same time when Big Ben struck, that the power of Thought was infinite, that few understood it, but that it might save the world.

There is, to my mind, a lot of loose thinking about everything of that sort.

If Thought is so potent, why is it that, for weeks before the outbreak of war, millions of people in all the countries of Europe were thinking Peace, hoping Peace, praying Peace, and that, immediately afterwards, there fell on us History's greatest calamity?

To my mind, it is the people who talk of the power of Thought who never implement it. They leave off at the blah part.

WHY SO MUCH B.B.C. REPETITION?

People often complain that the B.B.C. news bulletins are repeated over and over again with boring monotony.

Now, one of the chief virtues in wireless programmes is that you don't have to listen to them unless you so desire.

War news is repeated, not to reach the same audience time after time, but in order that it may be heard all over the world by people who were busy, or asleep, when it was first read.

In the Piccadilly Tube Station, the other night, I saw a world map which told the time all round the globe.

It was 9 p.m. where I stood. Yet in Sydney the map told me it was six o'clock the next morning. And in New York it was four o'clock the same afternoon.

The war news is not intended merely for us people at home.

It conveys to countless millions all over the earth the only truth about the progress of the conflict.

WILL REBUILDING ABOLISH THE SLUMS?

Lord Reith has placed before the Cabinet plans for rebuilding which, frankly, include almost everything that could be desired.

True, he has not asked for land nationalisation. How could he, with a Tory majority running the country.

His schemes, however, include control over undeveloped areas, the location of industries, and most of the things of which reformers have been talking for years.

He has, advising him, a far-seeing architect in the person of T. S. Tait, who designed the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow, and the new Government building in Edinburgh.

Under Reith, too, is George Hicks, M.P., who, as a most intelligent leader of building trade unionists, knows how to use the more intelligent of the master builders, and who is a very practical man with foresight and drive.

If the Reith schemes are adopted in their entirety—well, there is the beginning of a new Britain.

If they are scrapped to please the same vested interests which killed Wren's plans for a new London after the other Great Fire, we shall have just the same old mess.

London's slums were going, anyway. A new social consciousness was ending them.

The Second Great Fire has given Reith a great opportunity.

TWO EXILED JOURNALISTS LIFT THE NAZI VEIL

Why Hitler Fears de Gaulle

By VICTOR SCHIFF

IT is part of my job to listen to Radio Paris.

I hate hearing Nazi propaganda in the French language.

But there's one consolation. The name of General de Gaulle is mentioned more and more often.

Nazi speakers, praising the policy of "collaboration" between Germany and France, seem hypnotised by him.

They sneer at him.

That doesn't matter.

What counts is the free propaganda they are giving to the Free French leader.

"You have only a choice between Pétain and De Gaulle," they tell the French public.

Plainly the Nazis know how popular this man has become, and they can't afford to ignore him.

But, knowing the German mind, I doubt if this is the full explanation.

It seems to me that they must fear him much more than we realise.

Haunting the Nazis

Their fear, indeed, threatens to become an obsession.

There is something in German mentality and German history that makes them regard De Gaulle as a man to be watched and fought, against whom they must issue warnings every day.

It is the memory of Prussia's own fight for freedom 125 years ago that is haunting the Nazis now.

For generations, German officers have been taught to revere the men who led that struggle against Napoleon's domination.

I don't think they are pleased to hear Hitler compare himself with Napoleon and claim that his "New Order" is just a continuation of Napoleon's ambition.

These German military chiefs, who know history better than their half-educated Fuehrer, remember why Napoleon failed.

They know that military occupation of conquered countries is bound to result in general hatred and—eventually—revolt.

They know that Napoleon himself came to realise this truth. He wrote, "You can do everything with bayonets except sit down on them." Napoleon made that discovery too late—in St. Helena.

Humbled Prussia

And they have every reason to fear De Gaulle because he reminds them of their proudest traditions.

Remember how Prussia was humbled after the military disaster of 1807.

Not only was it permanently occupied by Napoleon's troops, but the King of Prussia was compelled to sign an alliance with the conqueror.

The Prussian army became part of Napoleon's forces.

Its soldiers fought and died in his wars of conquest.

Well, isn't Hitler trying to compel defeated France into active "collaboration" against the Allies?

In their panic Nazi leaders are helping the cause of General de Gaulle, the Free French leader

Again, the "head of the state" in old-time Prussia was a weak man.

He was persuaded by ministers and generals that no other course was open to him.

Prussia, then, had her Lavals, De Brinons and Déats.

But she was saved by her De Gaulles.

Her best men broke away from the defeatist Court. They offered their services to Tsar Alexander I against Napoleon.

Forming a German Legion, they fought on Russia's side while their own countrymen died for Napoleon.

Now "Traitors"

These men—Baron von Stein, Clausewitz, Scharnhorst—are still ranked among Germany's greatest statesmen and generals.

But at the time, of course, they were denounced as "traitors."

Exactly as General de Gaulle is reviled to-day . . . though only by a clique of Nazi yes-men.

When Napoleon met with adversity in Russia, General Yorck, one of his Prussian Commanders, decided that the time had come to liberate his country.

Linking up with the "Free Prussians," he took his division over to the side of the Tsar.

Does General Weygand recall this decisive episode in Prussian history?

Is it likely that the Germans have forgotten, and that in their hearts they do not respect the Free Frenchmen more than the men of Vichy?

The answers, I fancy, are to be found in the fact that the name of General de Gaulle is becoming an obsession with their spokesmen in Paris.

BERLIN ADMITS HER PLIGHT

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

LET me present you with a picture of war time Germany as the average German sees it in the columns of *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the Nazi newspaper. It is a revealing picture.

Going through the columns of the *Frankfurter*, I almost imagined myself sitting in one of Berlin's cafés where the waiter (a waitress now) covered your table with half-a-dozen newspapers to read while you sipped your coffee.

It would not really be coffee, according to the many advertisements that praise the high quality of the latest Ersatz-coffee, "indistinguishable from real coffee."

But there is no Ersatz about the German newspaper. It is several inches larger than your London daily, and at least twenty-four pages on Sundays, with an impressive supplement printed on high-quality paper.

* * *

Yet almost half of these pages are crowded with advertisements inviting, clamouring, pleading for skilled workers to fill vacancies. The lack of every sort of labour soon becomes apparent.

Men and women are invited to apply for jobs at the Messerschmitt factory, at the Munich Dornier works, at the Heinkel factory in Oranienburg, at Junkers, Dessau, and many other arms and munitions works.

Engineers, designers, foremen, craftsmen are wanted everywhere.

As the Germans have long been conscripted for war work, I fail to see where these men can come from.

Yet week after week factories advertise.

Surprising is the number of people who want to dispose of valuable property.

Newly rich Nazi profiteers were out to buy villas, country estates, castles, houses only a few years ago.

Impoverishment is now revealed by the hundreds of estates that are for sale again.

Estate agents and private owners offer them at almost any price, and they are available in every part of the country.

Auctioneers want to sell valuables.

Silver plate, furs, furniture, new and old masters go begging.

From every page of the Nazi newspapers another large advertisement of this kind meets the eye.

When so many Germans are having to sell their property, it is not surprising to find side by side with these advertisements others offering advice on how to get rich quickly.

They are inserted by firms, many of them State-controlled, that run big lotteries.

Germans are invited to buy stakes at prices between 2 and 200 marks to win anything between 100 and 3 million marks.

It is a gamble on a vast scale, rather reminiscent of Nazi policy.

* * *

For many days in succession, much of the reading matter in *Frankfurter Zeitung* is devoted to beer.

It is not the good golden, white-foamed Munich beer of happier days that provides Nazi journalists with a daily task.

They are forced to boost the new Nazi beer, non-alcoholic stuff, but (the reader is assured) as good as real beer.

Treason, sabotage, espionage in Germany are frankly admitted in daily reports about trials by the "People's Court"—and executions.

Hardly a day passes without an announcement that another death sentence has been passed on a traitor.

* * *

But Germans lose their heads for lesser crimes than treason.

There is an announcement, for instance:

"Robert Zwicker, born in Vienna October, 1907, has been executed after a special court in Hamburg had passed the death sentence on him for a breach of paragraph 1 of the German War Economy Law.

"Zwicker, a Jew, pretended to be an Aryan, so he could carry on his profession. He has deprived German war economy of several hundred kilos of fat-containing foodstuffs and sold them—thus maliciously endangering the German people's provisioning with vital foodstuffs."

Scores of Germans go to prison every day for violating the German War Economy Law.

They are driven to break the food laws by hunger.

Much of the space in German newspapers is devoted to politics. And, in politics, Britain is the principal subject, with the United States a close second.

Other columns describe how Nazi bombers play havoc with England; how Nazi pilots outwit R.A.F. fighters.

Everything is done to reassure the German reader that Germany has won the war already!

* * *

Yet a leader writer complains about a British newspaper that published a cartoon showing a British family in front of their fire.

The husband is reading and the wife is knitting.

When the sound of an aircraft engine attracts the husband's attention, the wife says, nonchalantly: "Germans, dear."

"Do the English regard this war as not real?" the leader writer asks. He cannot understand why the British aren't afraid of Nazi bombers.

"The English," he goes on to say, "seem to try to live through this war like characters of an Oscar Wilde comedy. . . ."

It is too much for a Nazi to understand.

On the next day, he is annoyed because in the middle of a Nazi raid on London an English girl comes to a microphone in an hotel ballroom and tells listeners that she is having a good time.

According to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* there is "hardly any damage" at all when the R.A.F. bombs Germany.

The newspaper never devotes more than ten lines to a British air raid.

But it is crowded with reports of new international treaties—always with some such unhappy satellite as Hungary, Rumania and Slovakia.

I must not forget the reports about the daily Italian mission to Berlin.

Italians come and visit Ley, the Labour Leader, Goering, Goebbels. . . .

They always receive a magnificent meal, banquets, and see special performances in theatres and cinemas.

Nobody can say that Hitler is not helping the Italians. . . .

A Plain Man Talks

★ JOHN BULL reader C. L. Vacher has already described his sensational trek from Belgium to the Pyrenees when the Nazi panzer columns swept across Western Europe.

Carried like driftwood on the lip of the Nazi wave, Vacher spent weeks with refugees, saw Paris occupied by German military and Storm Troopers, was sheltered by those who stayed put and travelled with the others who fled.

That's all old now, you may say. But with the threat of invasion still hanging over us the mistakes in France need to be constantly kept in mind so that, if the Nazis come, there will be no chance of the same chaos over here.

Mr. Vacher asks some pertinent questions and shows why they are important.

DO YOU LISTEN TO HAW-HAW'S BROADCASTS?

WELL, the French listened to their Haw-Haw, a renegade named Ferdonnet, who broadcast from Stuttgart.

First it was amusing; then, as the censor clamped down on all news that might give away information to the enemy, the people began to listen to the "news" suppressed by the Government.

Minor skirmishes in front of the Maginot Line were magnified into major Nazi victories.

It was thought the military chiefs "dare not tell the people."

Sarcastic references to the British effort to aid France were broadcast with such slogans as "Britai.. will fight on to the last Frenchman" and "Britain will give her machines, the French themselves."

This caused the people to be suspicious, and they said, "It was all exaggerated, but some of it must be true!"

* * *

HAVE YOU EVER HAD ANY MISGIVINGS ABOUT THE FINAL RESULT?

FRANCE had her doubts. She wavered in the middle of the fight—and lost.

Her chief fear was the mass air raid.

Stories of what happened to Poland were broadcast, almost apologetically, from Stuttgart.

"Citizens! Why fight?" it was announced. "Germany is so powerful she must win. We don't want to fight France. Lay down your arms. The enemy of all is Britain."

Leaflet-dropping aircraft always let it be known that bombs could have been dropped instead.

One mass attack on a motor-car plant near Paris was enough.

I was there when it happened, and official reports of a casualty list of two thousand greatly increased the fear in the hearts of the population.

* * *

WOULD YOU STAY PUT, ONLY SEEKING SHELTER, WHATEVER HAPPENED?

THE French did not.

As soon as the real offensive started waves of Nazi aircraft swept away the small French air force.

Hundreds of tanks were on the move, and the combined noise broke the nerve of the people.

In hundreds of thousands they abandoned the comparative safety of their homes and took to the roads.

It was Panic!

Anywhere, anywhere—the Germans are coming!

Thousands were bombed and machine-gunned off the roads by dive-bombers.

Fleeing people formed a solid one-way traffic block that completely stopped reinforcements being rushed to relieve the reeling battalions where the line had broken.

Such famous regiments as the "Chasseurs Alpins," refusing to surrender, fought their way from Belgium to the centre of France, with a courage so magnificent that the General awarded the "Croix de Guerre" to almost the whole battalion, living or dead.

But their courage had been almost useless because of the French people themselves.

* * *

SUPPOSING A SMALL INVADING FORCE DID SUCCEED IN LANDING, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

CERTAIN that they were safe behind the Maginot Line, Frenchmen made no plans to foil an attempted invasion.

Instead of vast mechanised units moving to a frontal attack, the line was broken at one weak front and small cars of light machine-gun units rushed through in a headlong dash across country.

These cars carried four or six well-equipped men, each armed with a light machine-gun, and carrying ammunition in leather bags slung around their shoulders.

Twenty-year-olds, well trained for the job they had to do, with the "Heil Hitler" fever in their blood.

Acting as a sort of suicide corps, these men caused death and destruction in towns and villages twenty or thirty miles in front of the main body of troops.

Men, women and children were treated with a ruthlessness that only Germans seem to understand.

Many are the terrible true stories told of what happened to the fleeing refugees on the roads.

An organised force, or war-conscious civilians, a hundred miles from the front line might have saved France.

* * *

WHAT ABOUT PARACHUTISTS AND FIFTH COLUMNISTS?

SUCH men are a definite menace, but France knew little of their methods.

Because of the swarms of refugees from all countries overrun by the Nazis, the task of finding enemy agents was particularly difficult.

These men were dropped behind the French lines wearing many different disguises.

I knew from personal experience that they posed as priests, peasants, and even British soldiers complete with regimental badges!

To communicate with each other they used such commonplace sounds as the hoot of an owl, a warbling bird-like note, the bark of a dog and even the persistent use of a motor-car horn.

Their job was to create terror and confusion, to disorganise the intricate workings of a mighty modern army, and whisper rumours of catastrophes!

When the real attack started, with aircraft dive-bombing, and hundreds of tanks appearing on the roads, these agents were everywhere whispering:

. . . the victorious German army is coming. . . .

You cannot save yourselves!

Fear! Fear!—and thus three million French citizens and more than a million Belgians scattered across France, right down to the Pyrenees, effectually providing the living screen of humanity behind which the Nazi armies marched in.

Profiting by these lessons, we must be ready for all eventualities.

It must be remembered that in modern warfare it is the nerve of the civilian population that settles the issue.

ARGUE IT OUT

PARADOXICALLY enough, it seems to me that out of this war, which has its very roots in evil things—lust for power, persecution, tyranny and murder—the world in general and Britain in particular will gain a reward richer than possessions or wealth.

For victory, when it comes, will be achieved not only by courage, by force of arms and by physical effort, but by spiritual belief in the righteousness of the cause.

That cause is not ours alone.

It is the cause of Humanity. It is a cause which calls for sacrifice and for the setting up of new standards of living and of morality.

* * *

The capitulation and fall of France taught us a bitter lesson.

Paris, like a sparkling wanton, gave in to save the beauty of her boulevards and her historic buildings.

The thought of a ravaged city was too much for her.

London, like a grey-eyed, steadfast mother, stayed by her post. . . .

She sacrificed willingly her peace of mind, her beauty and the serenity of centuries.

Buildings vanished under high explosives, fires razed the ancient city; but London, though mourning these things, was spurred on to greater determination and greater effort.

Out of these things has come a new sense of values.

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Fifth Columnists, landing by parachute and disguised as priests, peasants and soldiers, became such a menace in Flanders that it is essential for Britain to prepare for similar "invasions"

ROOSEVELT DEMANDS THE GOODS

I SAW FOR MYSELF
By Maurice Fagerce

DO your friends mistake you for a tramp because of the shortage of razor-blades?

Are you turning grey-haired over the difficulty of getting some small kitchen gadget which seems unprocurable?

Did you work yourself into a temper about last week's meat ration?

If so, blame "Priority One."

In fact, you may blame "Priority One" for nine-tenths of the shortages that are making war time irksome.

I heard a lot about "Priority One" during the day I spent with the Ministry of Supply.

They were telephoning to the United States all day about him. And to the Ministry of Shipping.

They didn't care a hang if your breakfast bacon was left in Brazil or your razor-blades in Valparaiso so long as the shipping authorities promised to bring "Priority One" to England safely.

They almost cheered in this London office when they heard that President Roosevelt was interceding on behalf of "Priority One."

He makes just as much a favourite of him as our own Supply people.

He puts him before American Big Business, Private Interest and everything—just as our Ministry of Supply insist on putting him before your stomach, your comfort, or even your personal hygiene.

Who then—or what then—*is* "Priority One," than whom Queen Bess herself never had a greater favourite?

It may be steel or it may be string. It may be hand-grenades or it may be tin-tacks. It may be cardboard or it may be howitzers. And I am not going to admit that it is any of them.

"Priority One" is, in fact, the most urgent need at any moment of a Britain that is fighting the war of her life, and it is for the Ministry of Supply to see that that need is met.

Yes, even if you never have another shave in your life and your face is altogether unsuited to the wearing of a beard.

A British factory was hit by a German bomb the other day. If you rain enough bombs on a town you are bound to hit a factory sometimes.

The factory made an article quite important to our war effort—but not important enough to be "Priority One."

The section of the Ministry of Supply that "switches" a contract to another firm got busy at once.

The section that rehouses a bombed-out business of national importance got busy, too.

WELL, the Ministry of Supply is spending more than £200,000,000 a year. All on "Priority Ones."

A special branch of the Ministry has discovered how to save 350,000 tons of timber a year by economies in use.

Matches dipped at both ends were one of the economies considered—and rejected.

Remember that 350,000 tons of timber saved is better than 350,000 tons bought.

Then, having made up the national shortage of machine-tools—a shortage that was a weakness in our national armour a few short months ago—the Ministry has devised a means of making old, broken and worn-out machine tools like new.

Miracles are being accomplished with tools that would have been regarded as useless six months ago.

The Ministry of Supply has organised the industries of Britain until—despite the blitzkrieg—they are yielding outputs that would have been considered miracles a year ago.

Now it is out to get the United States to work miracles for us.

Every Ministry of Supply official I met is thanking God for President Roosevelt.

There was a day when the question of getting the United States to make something for our war effort was hedged round with difficulties, eager as she was to help.

We had to find, first, a factory able to make the article.

We had to ascertain whether it pleased the Administration to let that factory make it—because, after all, America is rearming, too.

We had to make sure whether the firm would do it.

We had to haggle about costs.

We had to discuss specifications, get Treasury sanctions on learning the cost, and then, having got sanction, place the order.

Then the real job had to begin.

Can you wonder that the first war material to arrive from America was disappointingly late?

BUT see what President Roosevelt has done.

To-day we ring up our Purchasing Commission with an order, and the order is placed at once—*bing!*—just like that.

"Make the stuff for Britain and do the talking afterwards," says Roosevelt.

I know how proud they are of Sir Andrew Duncan, the new Supply Minister, at the Ministry of Supply.

And of Herbert Morrison, his predecessor, whose brilliance as an administrator created a machine to the point at which it was best that Sir Andrew Duncan, who knows how to run the machine, should take it over.

But I was left with the feeling that their highest hopes are pinned on a man who isn't on the Ministry's pay-roll at all.

A man with whose help we are going to submerge Germany's war output, despite the years of start she had on us.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is his name.

Nation Reborn in the Bomb Craters

By PALLAS

Property, wealth, even life itself, are reckoned as little compared with the more precious possessions of liberty, justice and decency.

This spiritual rebirth of the nation is the greatest factor in the war.

It is the driving power behind all our magnificent effort.

Before the Hun loosed his terror campaign against us, we were a complacent nation.

We loved the fleshpots; we thought in terms of money, of houses, of cars, of pleasure.

Our lives were mainly selfish. The old, old class distinctions stood, dividing us into haves and have-nots, into employers and workers.

Now we are all of one class, united against the Beast of Europe.

In a sense, we had drifted.

While Hitler was putting Germany on a war footing, building his mighty machine of destruction, we discussed football and cricket, went to the dogs, planned holidays and grabbed what leisure and pleasure we could.

* * *

That has all changed now. Materialism has taken a back seat.

Considerations of property and wealth weigh little in the scales against the urge to live as we wish to live.

More than that, we are deciding a bigger issue, the very fate of civilisation.

On us and our efforts depends whether or not the scientific and mechanical resources of the world shall be placed at the service of the nation, or shall be used by tyrannical dictators as weapons to subjugate mankind and keep them enslaved.

* * *

Democratic ideals have always been expressed in terms of greatest happiness and greatest freedom for the greatest number.

Those ideals can have no practical expression if Hitlerism prevails.

Swastika flaunting its evil shadow over the globe would mean a return to the dark ages.

It would mean an end of those ideals which inspire us to the sacrifices we are making now.

Men and women have seen their homes ruined.

They have shed a silent tear and got on with their jobs.

Businesses have vanished in the night and men have moaned their going.

Incomes have shrunk as the demands of war eat more deeply into the resources of both State and individual.

Few of us to-day lament the absence of things we can no longer buy.

There is no grumbling at lack of amusement, there is no complaint at the extra work demanded of us in keeping the civil defences strong and efficient.

The war period has convinced many of us of the emptiness of material things. Rich and poor, high and low, are thinking now in common terms.

They are thinking of the horror that has engulfed Europe, that has threatened, and still threatens, to engulf Britain and the whole of the democratic world.

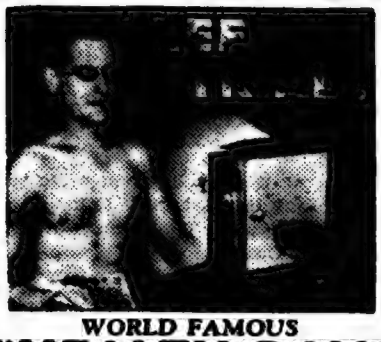
They are thinking not of themselves so much as of the generations to come.

They visualise their children and their children's children bound hand and foot to the merciless despotism of the Nazi machine.

* * *

We have set ourselves steadfastly against this machine but to overcome such evils more than physical force is needed. The foes of Hitlerism must be clad in the armour of faith and humility.

That faith is growing in this country and, as history will record, it will prove our most enduring and our most powerful weapon in stamping out the obscene monster which stalks Europe to-day.



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Send me full details of your special FREE TRIAL OFFER of the Health Ray Sun Lamp.

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CLEAN COOKERS

without labour

Wipe off burnt-on

OVEN GREASE

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The Magic Oven Cleansing Powder

Still at pre-war price—

6D. PER TIN Get it at WOOLWORTHS

CHEAPER WALKING

Do you expect to have to walk more this winter? If so remember that you can walk with less wear if your shoes are soled with Dri-ped. Dri-ped lasts twice as long — and it's waterproof as well.

DRI-PED Leather

For your next shoe repair

IT HAPPENED EVERY NIGHT

1. *I am secretary to the Managing Director of a big firm that evacuated to the country when the Blitz began. "Wonderful! Now for some peace and quiet," I thought.*

2. Peace and quiet! *The first week, the old banshee howled thirty-eight times, mostly at night. Up we'd have to get and trapes off to the shelter and sit around till the All-Clear.*

3. *After a bit we got into the habit of staying in bed unless we heard something happening. That's when I began to feel terrible. I must have had one ear open for the siren even in my sleep.*

4. *My nerves went to pieces. So did my work. One morning, I took a long memorandum in shorthand and couldn't read any of it back. I'll never forget it. I actually cried in the office!*

5. *One of the girls took me to rest. It was she who told me about the three sleep groups. "You'll never keep going unless you get 1st Group Sleep," she said, and she advised me to take Horlicks.*

6. *She seemed so sensible, I took her advice. That night, I had a lovely cup of hot Horlicks and from the beginning I noticed a difference in the way I felt when I wakened up, and all day long.*

7. *All that horrid nervines and depression has slipped away now. In fact, I feel so much better than I have for years, I believe it's 1st Group Sleep I've been missing all the time.*

THERE ARE THREE SLEEP GROUPS

SCIENTISTS divide us into 1st, 2nd and 3rd Group Sleepers. The last group are wakeful, can't get to sleep. Group No. 2 may sleep 8 or 9 hours, yet wake still tired. Only Group 1 sleepers get the deep, refreshing, restorative sleep we must have today to keep going.

The great value of Horlicks is that it helps you to get 1st Group Sleep. Take a cup of hot Horlicks last thing to-night and see how it helps you to take the second year of war in your stride. *Prices as before the war:* from 2/-. At chemists and grocers.

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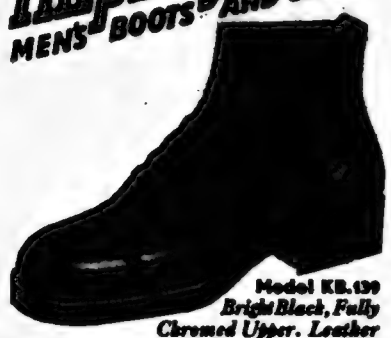
NOW MORE THAN EVER BEFORE THE FINEST FOOTWEAR VALUE

Impregnable MEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES



Model KB.130 *Bright Black, Fully Chromed Upper. Leather Lining. Double Leather Sole*

As sturdy as their name—they will stand up to any job—The Boot that built its enormous sales on VALUE. Look for the Shoe Shop that stocks them and see the "John White" Guarantee tag.

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Old Comrades—

know that

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

gives a shine like Patent Leather

In Black, Tenotan, Dark Tan Stain, etc.

The HIGHER THE LOWER

He softly closed the door and went back. In the lounge he switched on the light and looked at the clock. Twenty past midnight. He took his horse-whip down from its hook . . . .

WILL SCOTT
contributes
"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY
this week

MR. SMITH beamed happily at George Teeper and George Teeper's lounge, with its pewter and great oak beams and its cavern of an old fireplace, open to the sky above.

Lucky man, George Teeper.

"I like this place," said Mr. Smith.

"The house?" asked George Teeper.

"Yes," said Mr. Smith, wondering dreamily (for the ale was old and strong) why that horse-whip was hanging on that hook. This was no farm. Electric light and all modern conveniences. Many years since a log had crackled on that hearth. Electric fires and electric cooking. A generation or more since a huge leg of ox had been roasted in this kitchen. There was not even a dog about the place. But there *was* a horse-whip. . . .

"Yes," said Mr. Smith. "I like this house. I like this place. I like the people. I could settle here. A week is not enough."

"You like the people?" George Teeper gaped.

"Well, they seem all right to me," said Mr. Smith. "Of course I don't *know* them. I mean, in seven days. . . ."

"You're lucky!"

Mr. Teeper went on and on. The vilest, nastiest, most unpleasant lot of back-biting half-wits you could find anywhere. Really nasty. As for the men, they simply couldn't keep their eyes off a chap's wife.

("Ah!" thought Mr. Smith. "The horse-whip!")

"The most unlikeable lot I've ever met anywhere," George Teeper ended.

He lit his pipe and thought of something else.

"Especially," he said, "Warden Spillit. Do you know Warden Spillit?"

"I've met him up in the inn once or twice. No, he's *not* a nice bit of work, I will admit. He accused me of being a *spy* the first night I was here."

"Spy mad!" snorted George Teeper. "Absolutely spy *mad*! He was bad enough before the war, but now, since he became warden, he's insufferable. Besides, he's got a wife of his own. Isn't one enough?"

"Quite," agreed Mr. Smith, wondering what was coming next.

HE refused Mrs. Teeper's offer of tea. Getting to know George Teeper better rather took the bloom off this charming old cottage. He suddenly wanted to get away, and rose.

"I've a number of things to do," he said. "I shall have to go. But it's been awfully jolly here this afternoon. I've enjoyed myself immensely."

They all went to the door, George Teeper beyond to open the wide gate.

"A delightful old house you've got here," said Mr. Smith.

"Ah! The apple of George's eye," said Mrs. Teeper. "He's spent a lot of money on it and it's like a favourite child to him."

"*Very* delightful," Mr. Smith nodded. "Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Teeper, and Mr. Smith joined George Teeper at the gate.

"What were you saying to my wife?" George Teeper demanded suddenly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"What were you saying to my wife?"

"Really! I don't think I understand you. I was admiring your house and saying good-bye."

"Oh. Well, all right if that's all. Good-bye to you."

And George Teeper strode away.

"The damned old fool!" said Mr. Smith, and himself strode away.

He found the bloom gone not only from George Teeper's old cottage but now from the village itself and everybody in it. That night he found the bloom gone from the inn. George Teeper's malicious chatter had poisoned everything. But, on the other hand, it had opened his eyes.

Little things which before had seemed nothing now stood in their true light. Whisperings which had once seemed confidences were now revealed as slander.

What had seemed jokes now had a more sinister meaning. Even the native reserve became a nasty secrecy. And the faces of the people were suddenly masks.

Mr. Smith hated the place and everybody in it. So far he and George Teeper went hand-in-hand. But Mr. Smith went farther. He included George Teeper.

He found short weight in the shops and short weight in the inn. He got no help in minor predicaments, only sly sneers and a soft tittering. George Teeper had opened his eyes indeed. Where he had thought the place a little heaven he now wanted to hand it what he called "one good slosh" before he went. In particular Warden Spillit and of course George Teeper.

"Spy, indeed!" he said indignantly. "*Me!* And—and what was I saying to that old fool's wife? *Me!* Indeed!"

He sat up late one night and thought things over.

The next night Mr. Smith slipped into the inn and pulled Warden Spillit's sleeve.

"Got a minute?" he said mysteriously. "Something you ought to know."

They went outside into the night, as black as night had ever been. The clouds were low and you couldn't see anything. Even when your eyes were accustomed to the blackness there was nothing for them to see.

"Something suspicious," said Mr. Smith. "I don't know if it's spies, but I thought you ought to know."

"Aha!" Warden Spillit began to tingle with importance. "Where's this?"

"I don't know places by name," Mr. Smith answered. "It's back of a high wall. I could lead you to it."

"You'd better!" said Warden Spillit.

"I only found out by accident," said Mr. Smith. "All right—come on. We'd better be quiet. Don't talk. Walk softly."

"Don't teach me my business," said Warden Spillit. "Lead the way. That's all I want out of you."

Mr. Smith led the way, and it was a long way. It went along hedges and over ditches. It crossed a lane and recrossed it. It skirted many fields. The darkness did not lessen. The journey took a long time.

"Where the devil——?" grumbled Warden Spillit.

"Ssssh!" whispered Mr. Smith. "We're nearly there. Keep very close to me, so that if we have to talk we can do it in whispers. And very careful with your feet."

Warden Spillit clung to Mr. Smith's coat and followed faithfully. They went on a foot at a time. Not a thing could be seen, not a thing heard. The going began to be erratic; a pace to the right, a pace to the left, a pace to the right again. Near the end they seemed to be treading on moss. Warden Spillit wondered where on earth they could be.

Suddenly they stopped.

"Here!" whispered Mr. Smith. "Not a sound. Careful. Put out your hand."

Warden Spillit put out his hand. It touched old stone, roughly set up, and moved across its surface.

"It's a high wall," said Mr. Smith. "You'll have to climb. About twelve feet up there's a bit of a hole. Listen there. But *quiet*!"

Warden Spillit began to climb. When he was well away, Mr. Smith withdrew without a sound.

GEORGE TEEPER turned over in bed and opened his eyes.

"The telephone," he said.

"Was it?"

It was. It rang again.

"Damn the thing!" said George Teeper.

He got out and switched on the light and pulled his dressing-gown on.

"All right, all right!" he cried irritably as the bell went on ringing.

He shuffled his way downstairs, losing a slipper on the way, which made him no better company for himself, and at length reached the hall and snatched the receiver off.

"Hallo!" he snarled again.

But the line was dead.

"Damned fools!" he growled, slamming the receiver back and returning to find, first, his slipper and then his bed. "Some crazy idiot who seems to think it's the first of April."

He got back to bed and talked a long time, and then settled himself to sleep.

Suddenly — tap, tap, tap.

He sat up.

"Somebody throwing pebbles at the window!" He shook his wife. "What's the idea of this? One of your boy friends?"

SPRINGING out, he flung back the window. Only blackness was in front of him. He heard nothing.

He stamped his way downstairs again and to the front door, which he dragged open.

"Who's there?" he called.

The wind-rustled leaves down the garden were his only reply. He slammed the door and went back upstairs.

"If I have to kick in every door in the damned village to-morrow," he said, "I'll make trouble for somebody. I'll——"

Rat! tat! tat!

The front door knocker!

George Teeper was downstairs like a lightning flash and again had the door dragged open. And again saw nothing, again heard only the wind-rustled trees down the garden.

"Oh!" he said. "Oh! Very well!"

He dared not show a light, or that damned Warden Spillit would be after him and get him in the courts. But . . .

He softly closed the door and went back. In the lounge he switched on the light and looked at the clock. Twenty past midnight. He took his horse-whip down from its hook, sat on the settee and waited.

Half-past twelve. A quarter to one. Five minutes . .

He jumped. A tiny stone falling. It rolled to his feet. It gave him the surprise of his life.

"Ah!" he bellowed. "So that's it."

He grabbed a torch and shone it up the cavern of an old fireplace, open to the sky.

He groped and clutched and pulled, and at last dragged into sight Warden Spillit, covered with soot and grime and cobwebs.

He raised his horsewhip.

"Now, listen——" said Warden Spillit.

"You wait," roared George Teeper, "till I start."

He started.

JOHN BULL'S WARTIME SECURITY GIFT FOR 1941

AIR RAIDS, INVASION AND BOMBARDMENT

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

Benefits payable to any Registered Reader of "JOHN BULL" or in the event of death the widow (or widower) of the Registered Reader or in default thereof the Legal Personal Representative:

£100 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed as defined hereunder.

£50 in respect of either.

The following benefits also apply to both husband and wife:—

£100 for total loss of both hands or both feet, or one hand and one foot.

£100 for total loss of all sight of both eyes.

£100 for total loss of one hand or one foot together with total loss of sight of one eye.

£50 for total loss of one hand or one foot.

£50 for total loss of all sight of one eye.

These Benefits will be paid to any Registered Reader of "JOHN BULL" provided that death or loss of limb or sight is occasioned through injury caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces arising anywhere on land or on inland waterways in the United Kingdom, or by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, bullets, projectiles or missiles or parts thereof, or due to the collapse of buildings caused thereby or through being struck by any object displaced or projected as the result of bombardment and against poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid.

PROVIDED AS FOLLOWS

The husband or wife of the Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of these Benefits. Applications for Benefit, which must be confined to one of the Benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the **Insurance Manager of "JOHN BULL," 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2,** within seven days after death or loss as the case may be.

This Insurance will apply to Registered Readers who may be engaged on National Service including members of the Home Guard but not to risks while flying nor to Registered Readers who are serving members of His Majesty's Army, Navy, or Air Force.

The liability under this Insurance is limited to £100,000, and the Proprietors of "John Bull" reserve the right to discontinue or make any amendments to these benefits and/or conditions by publication of seven days' notice in "John Bull." In any event, these Benefits will terminate at midnight of the 31st December, 1941. This Insurance is subject otherwise to the conditions governing the Comprehensive Household Benefits where applicable.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

payable to any Registered Reader of "JOHN BULL" or in the event of death the widow (or widower) of the Registered Reader or in default thereof the Legal Personal Representative:

FIRE

£1,000—against loss by **fire** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£200—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire, involving the Registered Reader's home.

£100—in case of death of either under such circumstances.

£10—for **Medical Fees** for injuries directly caused by an outbreak of fire involving the Registered Reader's home.

£4—**per week** for both (or **£2** per week for either) up to **4** weeks for **disablement** under such circumstances.

£2—**per week** maximum **rent** during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

GAS EXPLOSION

£100—loss caused by explosion of **Gas** or **Domestic Boilers** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

STORM AND FLOOD

£300—loss caused by **Storm, Tempest** or **Flood** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

BURST HOT-WATER PIPES

£100—loss caused by bursting of **Hot-water Pipes** or **Water-heating Apparatus** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING

£300—loss caused by **Lightning** or **Thunderbolt** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

DAMAGE TO WIRELESS

£10—for damage by lightning to Registered Reader's Wireless Apparatus (including Aerials and Supports) licensed to and owned by him or her at his or her private address as registered.

BURGLARY & HOUSEBREAKING

£500—loss by theft arising from **burglary** or **housebreaking** of a Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects. Provided that first **£2** is borne by the Registered Reader.

£500—in case of death of husband and wife by violence **by burglars or housebreakers** entering the Registered Reader's home for the purpose of robbery.

£250—if one is killed under such circumstances.

£10—**Medical Fees** for injuries by violence under such circumstances.

£4—**per week** for both (or **£2** per week for either) up to 4 weeks for **disablement** under such circumstances.

CONDITIONS

(a) This Scheme applies only to Registered Readers residing in and events occurring in the United Kingdom and the Isle of Man.

(b) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person over 15 years of age who has paid the appropriate subscription as a Postal Subscriber to "John Bull" or who has personally signed and forwarded to "John Bull's" Registration Department the prescribed Registration Form, and also given a signed order to a retail Newsagent either for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of "John Bull" or for a copy of "John Bull" to be reserved weekly for collection by such reader which has been continuously received from such Newsagent provided always that a Registered Reader over 70 years of age shall be entitled to all the Benefits of this scheme, except those payable in respect of Death or Disablement.

(c) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of the Benefits.

(d) Applications for Benefit in respect of any one event, which must be confined to one of the Benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the Insurance Manager, "John Bull," 122, Long Acre, W.C.2, within forty-eight hours. Medical Certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the applicant at his or her own expense within 90 days of death or loss, as the case may be, together with the Certificate of Registration issued by "John Bull."

(e) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of an arm or leg above the wrist or ankle. Death or loss of limb or sight must result within 90 days after the accident and be solely and directly due to the injury. Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(f) No Benefits under the "Fire" Section will be given if the fire has not been reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer, nor in any event under the Household Benefits where loss is due to incendiarism, war, riot, or civil commotion. Compensation for material damage or loss by fire, burglary or housebreaking or any of the events covered by Household Benefits will be subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any other Insurance Scheme, Company or otherwise, and the Proprietors of "John Bull" shall give no Benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted all such other remedies. Compensation will only be paid in respect of loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking provided: (a) immediate notice of such event or events is given to the police; (b) there is visible evidence of forcible entry of the dwelling-house or apartments; (c) the dwelling-house or apartments have been occupied for ordinary residence by the Registered Reader or a member of his or her household within fourteen days preceding the breaking and entering; (d) loss has not been occasioned or contributed to by the negligence of the occupier, his or her servant or agent; (e) the first £2 of any loss shall be borne by the Registered Reader, and (f) that in the case of jewellery and/or furs compensation will be limited to a maximum of £25, which sum shall also be the maximum amount payable for any single item included in the reader's loss. Any misrepresentation or wilful mis-statement of fact shall disqualify an application.

(g) The Fire, Burglary and Housebreaking and other Household Benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture and personal effects at the address registered, excepting money in cash or the equivalent in his or her private dwelling-house (being of permanent construction and of a fixed location) or apartments in such dwelling-house or dwelling-rooms which are attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to the contents of business premises or stock-in-trade.

(h) To become recipient of Rent Benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent, or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment, which shall be deemed as rent.

(i) In order to comply with the requirements of the law, the Proprietors of "John Bull" have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the Proprietors of "John Bull"), whose issued share capital is £1,971,000.

(j) The Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendment to these Benefits and/or Conditions by the publication of a notice in "John Bull," also they reserve the right to refuse or cancel any registration at any time. In any event, these Benefits will terminate at midnight of the 31st December, 1941.

(k) In case of change of address and/or Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, and a fresh order form lodged with the Newsagent, otherwise no Benefits will be allowed.

(l) In the event of any dispute between the Reader or any applicant under this scheme and the Proprietors of "John Bull" the same shall be referred to arbitration in London in accordance with the statutory provisions for the time being in force applicable thereto and the obtaining of an award shall be a condition precedent to any right of action.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO REGISTERED READERS

If you are already a Registered Reader of "John Bull" you automatically qualify for the full Benefits of "John Bull's" Air Raid Insurance and Comprehensive Household Security Gift which cancel and supersede all Benefits previously in force. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

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HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

JOHN BULL

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

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Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

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POST THIS FORM TO

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

..... Age.....

Reader's Signature.

Address.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 2d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

SIGN FOR SECURITY!

FREE INSURANCE *for our Readers* — A STUPENDOUS SCHEME FOR 1941

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

AGAINST AIR RAIDS, GAS ATTACKS, INVASION AND BOMBARDMENT

The Scheme applies to all civilian readers, without restriction, including Wardens, Home Guards, Spotters, Fire Fighters, A.F.S., Fire Watchers, etc.

IT is dusk. The sun has become a cauldron of fire in the west. On aerodromes from Brittany to Norway Nazi pilots lounge moodily, waiting for their murder expeditions to begin.

They are not magnificent specimens. You may have seen pictures of some—and shuddered.

A screaming frenzy of "warming up" and they are off—to kill and demolish with wild and cowardly abandon.

Meanwhile—what?

Across a narrow strip of water Britain awaits, as ever, with its chin up.

Danger Draws Near

Housewives adjust the black-out, with one ear ever alert for the wailing of the sirens.

A.R.P. workers move towards their posts—in effect to take over Britain lock, stock and barrel for another night.

The vast A.R.P. machine is tuned up for any emergency that might arise.

Husbands, sons, daughters talk gardening, needlework, anything but air raids as they make their way home.

A lonely observer, out on the cliffs on one of the bleakest parts of the British coast, hears the approach of the first German murder-machine.

He makes no mistakes. He has heard the sound so often before.

Quicker than the machines travels the news that they are coming.

On the destruction that is wrought by them there is no need to dwell.

It was once said that if you wanted to see a memorial to Wren, the master-architect, you should look round.

You should certainly look round to see a memorial to Nazi brutishness and frightfulness.

Military objectives were never his strong point.

A Momentous Announcement

We of JOHN BULL take pride in the fact that we were the first to foresee the tragedy of indiscriminate bombing.

Shortly after the outbreak of war we took the unprecedented step of offering our readers a Free Air Raid Insurance underwritten at Lloyd's of the most comprehensive character.

This week JOHN BULL has news of the utmost national importance and significance for its readers. It is the momentous announcement of its Great War-time Security Gift for 1941.

Under this unparalleled war-time Charter of Protection JOHN BULL offers to every reader a Free Air Raid Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, which covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death or injury as defined—on the opposite page—caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

This vital protection will in itself give that feeling of security which is so essential in these troublous times.

We Cover Home Guard and Civil Defence

With characteristic foresight JOHN BULL has, moreover, designed its War-time Security Gift for 1941 to cover not only direct aerial attack, but also those other perils that are ever present—Invasion, Gas Attacks and Bombardment.

During these crucial months in the history of Britain, every citizen is in the front line sharing equally in the perils and dangers of total war.

In framing this great Scheme this factor has been kept prominently in mind.

The Benefits have been made to apply equally to all civilians, no matter how grave a risk attends their daily round.

The Scheme applies in full, without restrictions, to members of the Home Guard and all Civil Defence workers, such as Wardens, Ambulance Squads, A.F.S., Roof Spotters, Fire Watchers and Police.

OVER £35,000 ALREADY PAID.

Since September last, when the air Blitz over this country began, JOHN BULL has distributed under its Free Air Raid Insurance over £35,000 to registered readers or their dependents.

In every case these payments have been made with the exemplary promptness which has always been the keynote of JOHN BULL'S administration of its Free Insurance. While nothing can replace the victims of Goering's murderous attack upon civilians in their grief-stricken homes, a substantial cheque, promptly paid, can and does at least allay the possibility of immediate financial stress being superimposed upon their bereavement.

Bare figures can hardly convey what our free gift has meant to our readers—just as the stark ruins of homes can hardly convey the tragedy of a dear one lost.

One has to look into the letters of gratitude we receive.

One letter comes from a husband whose wife has been blinded.

"There is no need for me to tell you how very useful this money will be," he writes.

"Although nothing can compensate for the loss of my wife's precious eyesight, thanks to JOHN BULL she will be able to face the future far more hopefully than might have been the case."

Widow's Gratitude

Writes a wife who has been left with four children:

"Words cannot express my gratitude to you, not only for the handsome help, but for the kind, sympathetic and prompt manner in which you have sent it to me.

"I assure you it will be used to the best advantage now that I have been left with four children with my income very much reduced."

Another widow tells us: "It will be a big help to me and the three children. I have always believed in JOHN BULL."

Many of the letters show to what an extent the recipients are concerned about the financial struggle ahead of them.

This was very much in our minds when we framed our Scheme.

The statement in a widow's letter: "Although this will not make up to me for my great loss, it is a great help towards my little business, and will help me along," is very typical.

Another bereaved woman tells us:

"I received the cheque you so kindly sent, and thank you very much. I think it is wonderful to be given such a gift for so small an outlay.

"It will be a great help to me and my partly invalid son.

"We also thank you for your kind sympathy, which helps one along so much in a bereavement."

One widow ends her letter with the abrupt words: "All words fail me."

Still, she had told us what the money was going to mean in the near future, and we knew what she had left unsaid.

And this it not all! JOHN BULL, standing four square by its readers during these anxious days, has not been unmindful of the normal everyday risks common to peace or war.

Household Benefits

Under the Comprehensive Household Benefits provided by JOHN BULL, all those precious possessions that mean home are safeguarded against the perils of Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest.

The home that so often has taken a lifetime to gather together—household treasures doubly dear by their long associations—a mere unnoticed spark may entirely wipe them out.

The harrowing stories of hardship brought to homes through mankind's most dread enemy are appalling. It is in times such as these that our registered readers learn the full significance of JOHN BULL'S Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Other generous benefits include compensation for damage caused by Burst Hot Water Pipes, Damage by Lightning, Damage to Wireless by Lightning, Gas Explosion, Burglary and Housebreaking.

Since the inception of these Comprehensive Household Benefits over £600,000 has been distributed to registered readers—a colossal sum that goes far to show the significance of this security.

Now, when we have all stepped from the threshold into 1941, when we must face the future calmly and unflinchingly, readers of JOHN BULL can take heart in the knowledge that JOHN BULL will continue to stand side by side with them, ready at a moment's notice to render assistance that in these times is more than ever a boon and a blessing.

Registered readers automatically qualify for the full range of benefits incorporated in JOHN BULL'S War-time Security Gift for 1941. There is no need to register unless they have changed their address or newsagent.

Readers who have not yet registered should do so immediately on the Forms printed on the opposite page. It is a duty to yourself and your family to complete these forms without delay.

A food that is making new friends

Fry's Cocoa has three sorts of friends. First come the 'regulars' — men and women who have stuck to Fry's ever since the last war. Then come the old friends of Fry's who discovered its worth in the last war and are now drinking Fry's regularly again. And last of all come the thousands who are drinking Fry's for the first time — and are determined never to go without this wonderful food drink — in war or peace. A piping hot cup of Fry's is full of goodness, food value and energy value, and is rich in nerve-strengthening substances. Fry's has actually come down in price since the war—and *the quality is unchanged.*

FRY'S COCOA

RICH IN NERVE FOOD

DOWN IN PRICE • *Now 5d. per ½ lb.*

C.242.141140

Rally round this Flag when you gather round the table

Come on, troops! This war is a family affair. And we can all put a spoke in the enemy's plans.

By sinking food ships and destroying food stores, Hitler hopes to make us all weak and ill, so that we give in. But we can thwart him!

Mother! Never waste an ounce of food. And see that what you buy is full food value for your money. This usually means

Good Home-grown Foods

Oatmeal and oat flakes (rolled oats), for example, now reduced in price to 3½d. or less per pound. Porridge for breakfast is a splendid foundation on which to start the day. Then there are potatoes and carrots. All four of these foods are cheap and plentiful, most healthful and satisfying, too. And they are wonderful for keeping everyone fighting fit.

In fact, potatoes are such a valuable all-round food that they could almost take the place of fruit, puddings and bread in your diet. While you need not go as far as that, you could serve twice the amount of potatoes you do, with tremendous benefit to your family. Baked, boiled, steamed, mashed, it is a good idea to serve potatoes in some form at every meal. But remember always to cook them in their skins; then you don't waste a scrap of their goodness.

Look for FOOD FACTS in this weeks newspapers

Issued by The Ministry of Food (23)

Do I *look* DEPRESSED?

Lixen restores the joy of life, coaxing the system back to sure working order in a perfectly natural way. It doesn't gripe or irritate. It is not habit-forming. Absolutely safe even for little children, yet wonderfully effective always!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.

Lixen Lozenges, fruit-flavoured, 8½d. 1/2.

Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

The Good-Natured Laxative

L.44b

Coughing through the long night hours is the most deadly wearying trouble. It is also a symptom of a serious threat to chest and lungs. This winter, of all times, you cannot afford to take chances. With the possibility of sudden exposure to cold damp night air your danger will increase many times over. Take a dose of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE and don't waste any precious hours of sleep. VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE acts *like Lightning*. Soothes the chest, strengthens the lungs, stops the cough and *arrests the development of dangerous germs.*

For night workers and those who must go out in the early morning air, VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE is the finest safeguard.

1/3 & 3/3 per bottle. *(Incl. Purchase Tax)*

VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE

The Smile that Wins

There's charm and cheer in an Odol Smile. Don't take chances with the gleam of pearly teeth. Above all, don't risk tooth-pastes which depend on abrasives. They scratch the thin film of enamel which alone prevents decay. It's easy to tell. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Keep the winning

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE 7½d. & 1/3d. SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d. *Including Purchase Tax.*

Smile!

Tales of the Turf

"Down the straight we thundered, my mount pulling ahead"

CHARLIE TAKES A CHANCE

By a Special Correspondent

A GREAT sport, Charlie Chalmers, a pal in a thousand, always good company and the life of any party.

Now, I liked old Charlie, but one fault of his always disgusted me. He did not eat refined.

So when we were doing ourselves proud at the Monico, and Charlie's soup plate was being emptied to the accompaniment of a noise like a farmyard I tackled him about it.

"Why, Charlie," I asked, "don't you eat cultured?"

"Cultured?" said Charlie. "Listen. I'll tell you something about culture. I remember when I ate refined and it cost me ten thousand of the best."

"Go on," I said.

Charlie swallowed the last lump of his roll. Then he began to talk.

"It was like this," he said. "Years ago down under I had a mount on a big brown filly called Perang. She could go like the wind and I don't mean no breeze either.

"Well, Perang was highly fancied for the Melbourne Cup. She had an 8-lb. penalty, but the backers were piling the dough on her.

No Social Visit

"Some weeks before the race Wally Burke, big punter, bookie and all-round gambler, came up to my place.

"When Wally calls on anyone it isn't a social visit. I wondered what was in the wind, and I didn't feel too good because I owed Wally a lot of money.

"He came straight to the point. 'It's this filly of yours. She won't be worth backing. And we've got to fix it.

"'I've been thinking it over,' he went on. 'We've got to rig the market and knock Perang out of the betting.'

"I looked reproachfully at Wally.

"'You know darned well Mick Riley (he was Perang's trainer) won't stand for stories about the filly going wrong.'

"'My idea's better than that,' said Wally. 'I'll tell the tale that Perang can't stay the distance and that you may not ride her after all.'

"I didn't like the idea at all. But Wally had the squeeze on me.

"'You know I stand a damned good chance of being warned off if the stewards get wind of your little game,' I said.

"'Still the same old sap, Charlie,' smiled Wally. 'You play ball with me and you're on the odds to £1,000.'

"Well, that sounded different. If Perang's price tumbled to tens—and Wally was confident it would do so—I would pick up £10,000, a lot of money to a jockey with expensive tastes.

"'All you have to do,' said Wally, 'is to see that the newspaper boys get the right dope. Tell 'em Perang's not so hot; a flier, perhaps, but no stayer over the Cup distance. Just tell 'em she's out of her class and that you may not ride her after all.'

"Just before the big race I rode a horse called Cookie in the Sydney Cup. It won, and, in view of the Perang rumours, became hot favourite for the Cup.

"On Wally's orders I boosted Cookie up to the skies, and the papers began suggesting that he would be my mount for the Cup. The odds on Perang dropped to ten to one.

"I was as jumpy as a cat. I felt that someone was going to kick me. So, to reassure myself, I went along to see Wally.

"His shining morning face made me ill. He was obviously enjoying himself. 'Come in, come in,' he welcomed. 'What'll it be?'

"Over the drinks he chaffed me, and kept rubbing his hands. He took one look at my furrowed brow and moody expression and started to grin. 'Scared, eh? There's no sense in being scared That's why you'll never get any place.

A Few More Days . . .

"'Things,' he added, 'were just dandy.' He was gradually getting the money on. 'A few more days,' he gloated, 'and we'll all be dining off gold plate.'

"Now Cookie's owner was a pal of Wally's, and in the plot to some extent, for he readily agreed to the big punter's suggestion that his horse should be scratched. He had still no jockey for his mount, anyway.

"But I told them there would be a stink if the horse did not run, and that the racing stipendiaries were after me already, asking me point blank what I was riding for the Cup.

"'So far,' I added, 'I have told them that I haven't made up my mind yet, and they just nod, but you never know what they are thinking.'

"Wally had done his part and everything was now up to me. On the Saturday before the race the papers announced that I was going to ride Perang after all.

Nasty Remarks

"That caused a storm and some nasty things were said of me. But with my eye on that £10,000 I felt I could stand a few rebukes.

"The day of the race arrived. People were crowded like flies round the Flemington course as thirty horses cantered to the post. Perang was moving as smoothly as silk and I knew she would run the race of her life.

"Passing the grandstand, I shook Perang up a bit and moved into second place. Round again and the pace grew hotter than ever, but Perang was travelling like a well-oiled machine, and I knew the race was mine.

"Down the straight we thundered with my mount pulling ahead.

"The crowd were yelling and jeering at me now. But I set my teeth. Nothing was going to keep me away from that £10,000, and I flashed past the post a winner by six lengths.

"I trotted back to the paddock through a throng that was deadly quiet. I could sense hostile glances as I rode by, and I expected a minor riot at any moment.

"But nothing happened, except that the evening papers made some nasty remarks about jockeys who did not know their own minds. I was in disgrace!

"Yet why should I care? In a day or two a fortune of £10,000 would be mine, and as far as little old Charlie was concerned the sun was up!

"Sure enough along came the invitation from Wally to have dinner at his mansion. He was going to settle up.

"When I got there Wally introduced me to Robbie, a big, broad-shouldered guy who must have been more intelligent than he looked, for he was a star sporting writer.

"It was a stag party and Wally had certainly extended himself. From the hot birds to the cold wines it was a feast fit for Lucullus.

"Dinner was served up by a manservant in a lot of fancy silver, and accompanied by a heap of cutlery, all of which made your old Charlie feel no end of a squire, and determined him on resolutions to eat refined from that moment on, as befitted a fellow coming into a fortune of £10,000.

"So the scribe and I packed away like prima donnas, while Wally played the rôle of host.

"At the end Wally rose and toasted me and Robbie both of us by this time seeing the world in a roseate hue.

"'Well partners,' he said, beaming over his cigar, 'we've pulled off one of the biggest deals of our lives. Long may we continue to do so.'

'He pressed my hand like a long-lost brother. 'Here's your cheque, Charlie, . . . and here's yours, Robbie.' He handed us an envelope apiece, which we did not like to open right then.

What a Surprise!

"But in the cab going home we tore open the flaps, and oh, what a surprise! My cheque was for £1,000 instead of £10,000. Robbie's, which should have been for £5,000, was £500.

"Robbie looked at the figure in a dazed and woolly manner. 'What would you do with a guy like that?' he choked.

"'Break his damned neck,' said I.

"Next morning me and the newspaperman paid a little courtesy call at Wally's office. I did not think Robbie would be much help to me. He was too quiet and soft in his manner, but I was ready for murder.

"'Hullo,' greeted Wally, who had everything on that the well-dressed sporting gent should wear. 'Fancy seeing you again so soon, Charlie. What can I do for you?'

"'Give me my £9,000, you dirty crook,' I blazed, 'you can't play that sort of game with me.'

"'And don't forget my £4,500,' growled Robbie. All the gentleness had gone out of his voice, and there was a dangerous glint in his eyes. 'Take your choice. Pay me off, or get warned off.'

"Wally laughed rudely.

"'So you're going to warn me off?" he mocked 'Why, you know darned well that the stewards would finish you as well as me.'

"I turned to Robbie. 'What are we going to do?'

"'Beat him up,' he replied, and shot a fist as big as a ham at Wally's bread basket.

"But Wally was not idle either. I caught a buffet on the ear that sent me sailing into an armchair. From there I had a ringside view of the fight. Robbie, dancing round Wally's plump figure, knocked him here, bounced him there and committed considerable injury on his person. From the knee his fist rose in a majestic sweep to land on Wally's jaw.

In the Fireplace

"After that the big gambler's attitude was that of a man who would just as soon let the matter drop. His nose was bleeding and there was the scenario of a black eye sketched on his face. Robbie finished up by heaving Wally into the fireplace, and throwing the furniture on top of him.

'Wally was even meaner than we took him for. After the battle he stopped our cheques and neither Robbie nor I got a sausage.

"I went to law, but the solicitor advised me to lay off, or I'd be warned off. Soon the story of the row was being whispered, then shouted, all over Melbourne. The finger was on me if I stayed in Australia, so I came to your beautiful country instead."

Wally slapped his pudding with the butt of his spoon.

"Now you know," he said sadly, "why I never eat refined. It costs too damned much!"

NEXT WEEK:
No Marriage Bells for Bill

FAITH'S FABRIC

IN this great Upheaval these things shine like Light, Friendliness and Courage, those strange patterns of the Night, made within our shelters as hundreds of strangers meet, to weave The Cloth of Victory, Faith's Fabric against Defeat.

IT is a Cloth as ancient as it is strong and rich; there's Heritage and Tradition in every coloured stitch, there's gleaming threads of Honour woven across dark pain; it's the old Weave, the gold Weave, out of History's Skein.

IT is a Cloth whose texture is amazing to behold, its sheen is of the stuff of Souls which drifts through every fold; it's like a Living Shadow where God's Finger has been laid or like the startling glance of the edge of a sword's Blade.

THIS then is Faith's Fabric, spun on Suffering's Loom; how lasting is its pattern with Liberty's bright Plume, embroidered in Honour whose threads are Heaven-wrought; this then is the Fabric that NEVER CAN BE BOUGHT.

AND thus we weave Faith's Fabric, this Brocade of Mighty Right, weave it thread by thread in our shelters every night; weave it in the air, in our homes, and in the field, weave it on the sea whose Freedom we'll never Yield. Weave it in our workshops, weave it without Cease, weave it, so that the Whole World may Behold the Cloth of Peace.

OF such is Human Fabric, Life and Death its substance fine; may God bind its edges with the Cords of Love Divine, and Touch it with His Mercy, and Raise it in His Esteem, to Bless its Vast Endeavour and substantiate its Dream.

J. M.

RED CROSS NURSE

tells patients how to shift

Rheumatic Acids

This letter, received from a Red Cross Nurse, will take you only a minute or so to read. It will be time well spent—for it may save you from much wearisome stiffness and pain. She says:

"I have suffered so much from rheumatism, and some months ago, on the advice of my doctor, I started taking your salt. After taking Fynnon regularly for just over three months, I can scarcely tell you how pleased I am with the result. Apart from the pain being much less, it is now quite easy for me to move my limbs, particularly my left shoulder joint, which for a long time had been very painful. As a Red Cross Nurse I am often asked about treatment for rheumatism and I am so pleased to recommend Fynnon Salt to all sufferers." In a second letter this nurse says, *"I am so thankful for the benefit I have had from the regular use of Fynnon Salt."*

Nearly all rheumatism is difficult to eradicate—but Fynnon has a wonderful reputation which is founded on its ability to disperse rheumatic acids from the system. There is a chemist near you with a large tin of Fynnon Salt for 1/5 or a trial size for 7d. inclusive of Purchase Tax.

Fynnon Salt

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

ENDS 10 YEARS TERRIBLE SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA AND BAD LEGS

Another triumph for *Germolene*—the magic skin healer. Another case where *Germolene* ended years of suffering when all else had failed. Another grateful sufferer eager to tell you how to end *your* skin trouble.

"I feel I ought to tell you what benefit I received from using *Germolene*," writes Mrs. W. P. (Dorset). "I suffered 10 years pain and misery from bad legs and eczema. The pain was terrible. A neighbour who had used *Germolene* for her bad leg advised me to try it and I am glad to inform you that by persevering with *Germolene* it has completely cured my leg. I never thought I should be able to stand again. Now I can walk miles." Now I can walk miles!! Just think what that statement means! After 10 years torture, practically crippled and then freedom from suffering. Able to get about as you like!! *Germolene* gave this woman a new lease of happy life. Let it do the same for *you!*

GERMOLENE HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS SCALDS IRRITATION ABSCESSES ULCERS RASHES INFLAMMATION

7d, 1/5, 2/5 & 13/3 Per Tin. (*Inc. Purchase Tax*)

THE WAR HAS MADE US ALL MORE FRIENDLY!

THE war is making us all MORE FRIENDLY. We are all more ready to help each other, and to be helped. This makes Littlewood Shilling Clubs EASIER TO FORM, EASIER TO RUN.

This is what Organisers of Littlewood Clubs are saying now. And more; they tell us how their Littlewood Clubs are helping to lift the burden of war off their shoulders; giving them a **NEW INTEREST IN LIFE, NEW FRIENDS, A WIDER SOCIAL CIRCLE, and the trust and respect of friends old and new.**

Organisers like the good spare-time income from Commission and Bonuses; the special Postage Allowance; the 10/- Free Gift (worth almost double) which we give directly the Club is formed—but most of all they like the abundant new Happiness gained through running a Littlewood Club of 10 or more Members.

Why don't YOU find out now about this Happiest of Hobbies?

VALUE 5/- BUT FREE TO YOU

Take the first step at once by sending Coupon below for the 218-page Littlewood Catalogue. Your friends will be delighted with the splendid Bargains, **many of them Free of Purchase Tax**; delighted with the bedrock values, the wide range of goods obtainable at only 1/- a week, and, especially in these days, delighted to know of a **SAFE, EASY WAY OF SHOPPING**, at home, by their own firesides. They will welcome you gladly, and eagerly urge you to start your Club.

Your friends are ready—and everything you need is FREE. Post Coupon NOW!

John Moores

Managing Director.

LITTLEWOODS MAIL ORDER STORES LTD.
(*Directors:* John Moores, Cecil Moores)
OLD HALL STREET, LIVERPOOL, 3.

PROFIT FOR YOU!

FOR A FULL 20-WEEK, 1/- A WEEK CLUB YOU RECEIVE

CASH 40/- or GOODS 45/-

at your own choice from our Catalogue.

- **FREE GIFT VALUE 10/-** (worth almost double) as soon as you start your first Club. Large selection of super-value articles from which to choose.
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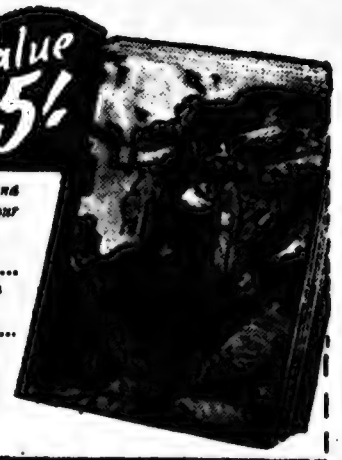
INVITATION COUPON

Value 5/-



I would like to try my hand at forming a Littlewood 1/- Club and I think I can get 10 or more Members. Please send me your Catalogue and full particulars. I am over 21 years of age.

Name (in full) .....
JB/27 (Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and write in BLOCK LETTERS)

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

Post in unsealed envelope (1d. stamp) to:
LITTLEWOOD 1/- CLUBS, OLD HALL STREET, LIVERPOOL, 3.

Littlewood 1/- Clubs

(Littlewoods Mail Order Stores Ltd. Directors: John Moores, Cecil Moores)

HOW TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

thoroughly, easily, pleasantly

MOST housewives have extra work to do these days. So Harpic's quick, simple, efficient action on the lavatory is a boon indeed. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises all at the same time and leaves the bowl spotless. Try it! Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d. 1/-, and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

PARENTS WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

9/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from today's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types. Buy NOW before prices increase.

E. J. RILEY LTD.
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Instant relief from
INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS
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MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½D & 1/3 PLUS TAX

Voice of the People

This is Your feature a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL has a great reputation for fairness. So I know that it will be just as ready to print a tribute to the Army as to pillory official stupidity.

As a soldier, I found myself, after six weeks' training, posted to a course unsuited to my abilities.

I told my O.C., and told him what my work was in civil life.

And because there was a shortage of men of my experience in the technical stores branch, I was in that branch of the Service within thirty-six hours.

So many people think the Army is doing its best to keep round pegs in square holes.—Trooper Lewis, "Somewhere in England."

Barber's Protest

One of your Southall readers wants barbers to open on Sundays because, he says, people working on night shifts can't get a haircut.

People working on night shift have all day to themselves.

Barbers fought for years to do away with unnecessary Sunday work.

Whilst most men receive extra pay for Sunday work, I've never known a man offer me a penny extra for cutting his hair on a Sunday.

Your reader might as well know that Sunday work is dead, and long may it remain so. War work is in a different category, because it is so necessary.—B. Waas, Southwark Park Road, Bermondsey, S.E.

Men on night shift do not have all day to spare. Some have to spend hours in travelling. All must eat and sleep. As hours are often long, many men must miss the opportunity of getting their hair cut professionally.

Where There's Wood

Living opposite bombed premises, and wanting firewood, my neighbour went to where it was dumped opposite and asked whether he could buy some.

He was told he could if he had a permit.

After a long journey he reached the place where permits were issued.

"But you must take at least a ton," they said.

Perhaps they think the average householder keeps half a dozen blast furnaces in his house!—E. Willcox, "Somewhere in London."

Another reader tells how he was refused a small quantity of such wood because "it was more convenient to sell in bulk." But firewood dealers wouldn't buy it in bulk because it didn't lend itself to easy chopping. So it just remained to disfigure the district.

Many Flaws, But—

I was sorry to read of the experience of a JOHN BULL reader whose wife, evacuated to the country when she was going to have a baby, had to go to a six-guineas-a-week nursing home, and incur 20 guineas nursing fees in addition.

In Kent, all an evacuated woman has to do is to report to the district midwife or ante-natal clinic.

She will be sent to an emergency nursing home for expectant mothers, and charged—always reasonably—on the basis of means.

This is true of all districts to which expectant mothers are evacuated. There may be many flaws in the evacuation scheme, but the care of expectant mothers is something that is truly well done.—Midwife, Kent.

I Want to Help

Although fourteen months have elapsed since I joined the Blood Transfusion Service, and my blood was passed as suitable, I have not had one call.

Yet Americans are giving their blood for our air raid victims.

All thanks to them, but people such as myself, whose home duties make it impossible for them to do any other form of national service save blood-giving, can be pardoned if they feel themselves slighted.—Mrs. Knight, Mount Street, Nechells, Birmingham.

A common experience, judging by letters received. Yet we also hear of blood donors who appear to have far too many demands made on them.

Eggs to the Country

One of your Sheffield readers presumes too lightly that the egg shortage is due to wealthy people motoring round and buying them up.

As a poultry farmer, I can assure him that the real reason is the inferiority of feeding stuffs.

You can no more get a car to run with water as fuel than expect birds to yield eggs on the wrong food.

Anybody who tried "motoring round to buy up eggs" would be unlucky. The poultry farmer is at his wits' end to supply his regulars.—K. E. Parker, Nilward Gardens, Guestling, Hastings.

Eggs seem more easily procurable in big cities than in the country. On London's long-distance buses you will see London workers taking precious packets of eggs, bought in London shops, to their homes in the country.

Here's Some Sense

The small village of Thornbury, to which my children have been evacuated, could teach many other districts how to offer hospitality to youngsters from bombed parts of Britain.

Every week youngsters have to write to their parents as part of school routine.

These are posted in one envelope (for cheapness' sake) and posted to one parent to deliver.

Then a general letter on the health and happiness of the youngsters is drafted by a head teacher, and displayed in a prominent local shop window.—G. H. Mills, West Street, Harwich, Essex.

HUMANIST recommends a sure cure for depression when discussing a problem that threatens to engulf former lovers in utter misery

WHEN a man feels that for him there is more misery than happiness in life, he might try to see things in another way.

He should ask not "how much happiness am I getting out of life?" but "how much happiness can I give other people?"

George Borrow, the writer, used to scratch a pig's back when he had an attack of the "blues."

He said giving a little pleasure to another creature made him stop brooding about himself.

The philosophy might help a man who figures in this week's postbag.

"A friend of mine is terribly worried," writes a young woman, "because her former sweetheart keeps threatening to commit suicide.

"She met him during a seaside holiday two years ago, and for a time they were romantically in love.

"But she has realised that he was not the right man for her, and has been sensible enough to break with him. He is unwilling to let her go, and writes every day sometimes pleading, sometimes threatening.

"I have often wanted to ask you why is suicide considered a sin? When there is more misery than happiness in life it seems only logical to give it up. Yet a suicide is usually considered to be temporarily insane."

Suicide is a sin because it is murder, against which there is a definite commandment.

If a soldier commits suicide he is guilty of treason.

He is helping the enemy by killing a member of his own army.

The same idea can be applied to a munitions maker, a farmer, a gardener, a shipbuilder. In fact, to anybody.

None of us is absolutely independent.

We are all linked to our fellow men in one way or another.

The girl should remind her friend that people who threaten suicide rarely do it.

She cannot be driven into marriage by threats.

That would be the worst possible foundation for a happy life.

If she is sure that the man is unsuitable, she must refuse to be responsible.

He is trying to get his own way by preying on her fears.

It is as contemptible as blackmail.

* * *

"One of my men friends," says another woman reader, "has been taking me to task for smoking cigarettes, and implores me to stop.

"He smokes a pipe and has the opinion that tobacco is intended only for masculine use.

"He says it is degrading for a woman to smoke.

"I am not keen on seeing women smoke in the street, but I see no reason why I should not have a cigarette when I am going home on top of a 'bus after a trying day.

"I find it soothing to the nerves, and there are not many luxuries left now.

"There are dozens of arguments in favour of smoking, but the real one is that I enjoy it."

It is nonsense to imagine that tobacco was created for the exclusive use of men.

Because smoking by women is comparatively new, the man cannot get accustomed to the idea.

He says it is degrading.

I don't know anything about him beyond what I am told in the letter, but I should guess that he is more than fifty years of age and that he idealises women.

There are many things more degrading to women: being compelled to live in a slum tenement; having to work at sweated labour; going short of decent food and clothes.

They are degrading because they destroy all that is finest in feminine nature.

But smoking an occasional cigarette is neither here nor there

* * *

Meantime, a reader is worried about a young relative, a girl between fifteen and sixteen.

"Up to leaving school," he writes, "she had always been a tomboy in her tastes and ideas.

"She preferred short hair like a boy's and boyish attire.

"She indulged in boyish games and pursuits. Her parents wanted a boy, and let her grow as boyish as she liked.

"But now she has gone to work in a gown shop she is in an almost exclusively feminine atmosphere, and finds that she prefers really feminine styles of dress—lace and frills, plenty of buttons, and frocks that fasten up the back.

"She is growing her hair long.

"All very natural for a girl of her age, but her parents are worried.

"Now that she has changed from a tomboy into a feminine type, she confesses that she feels strange and shy.

"She feels as though she were a boy dressed in girl's clothes, and this makes her miserable and self-conscious.

"I remember, too, how she rebelled as a youngster when compelled to put on a frilly party-dress, and I reminded her of it, but she retorted, 'I was only a kid then.'"

I replied to that letter by post, and received another by return. I was assured that there was nothing abnormal about the girl. She honestly loves feminine styles, but is self-conscious about wearing them.

There is nothing to worry about.

The majority of girls are self-conscious in their sixteenth year. They are developing into womanhood and have not adjusted their minds.

Shyness will not last.

She will soon pass through the shy period and walk proudly, conscious of her womanhood.

A boy at this difficult age is generally more shy of girls than the girls are of him.

He is often aggressive and moody.

His temper is fired by a hair-trigger.

A Scottish writer once declared that when girls are at their most charming age, boys reach the maximum of detestability!

THIS WILL BANISH THE BLUES

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE WESTERN GUARDIAN (TOTNES):—"GREEK troops were expected to enter Koritza."

THE STRATFORD TELEGRAPH:—"'We must make certain of a ring of steel, not as MARITAL people, but as a people who are determined to protect the whole system of international justice.'"

BURTON CHRONICLE:—"It was expected that the results of Poppy Day would be GLAD."

The Last Laugh

P. C. (Accrington).—"At the end of my turn, is it best to dance off the stage or just walk off?" You may have to run.

OLD SCHOOL (Kensington).—"I positively loathe anything crooked." Except a corkscrew, of course?

B. L. (Battersea).—"I had a relapse after the doctor had dismissed me as cured." The relapse, we take it, came when you got his bill.

T. M. (Burton).—"I am a very good violinist, but I haven't played for some time." It *has* been cold in the streets lately, hasn't it?

JANET (Torquay).—"When I had that chat with you in your office, I guess you never imagined for a moment that I have a flair for painting." Oh yes, we could see it in your face.

P. R. (Southampton).—"And, as the Editor of an up-to-date paper, you probably have your own views on modern girls." We *had*—until the missus got hold of them.

P. F. (Newmarket).—"I understand that unemployment is decreasing." That's a good job for many people.

W. Y. (Bourne).—"I was up North last month when I suddenly ran into a thick mist. So what do you think I did?" Ran out again?

J. T. (Crowhurst).—"Steps I had borrowed from a neighbour collapsed while I was cleaning a window, and I nearly broke my neck." Too bad. You must have the steps repaired at once.

D. L. (Amersham).—"He promised me one of his fowls for my New Year's dinner, but it never arrived." Perhaps it got better.

P. T. (Shrewsbury).—"I fell in love at first sight, but the girl won't have anything to do with me." Maybe she's got second sight.

W. S. (Tadcaster).—"When I found myself heavily in debt I went to see my father in order to raise the wind." And now you're waiting for it to blow over?

G. K. (Halifax).—"My neighbour bought a saxophone for twenty-five shillings, but what do you think I bought a trombone for the very next day?" Spite.

S. H. (Glasgow).—"I asked the plumber to call at twelve o'clock, and he arrived just as the clock was striking twelve." Perhaps his watch was a day fast.

F. N. (Hampstead).—"In the scramble in the bargain basement, my sister got a skirt length for next to nothing, my neighbour got a very cheap hat, and what do you suppose I got?" Scratched?

ARCHIE (Ealing).—"I always pride myself on being well turned out." Yes, some of those commissionaires are pretty smart at their job.

D. N. (Manchester).—"I wonder what we shall all do when the war is over and the bright lights are with us again?" See better.

H. L. (Sudbury).—"A Berlin paper says that the Fuehrer is imbued with the Spirit of Peace." We agree. Charles Peace.

C. T. (Poplar).—"The constable contended that I was inebriated, but I assure you that I had had only one drink." After another?

N. S. (Tewkesbury).—"I speak German without any accent whatever." German or English accent?

T. C. (Swindon).—"I was the unfortunate participant in a touching ceremony." And how much did the wife get for her shopping expedition?

ATHLETE (Wembley).—"Whenever I get on my mark for a sprint, I am so nervous that I shake like a jelly." But you no doubt calm down when the starter shouts "get set."

PEGGY (Aylesbury).—"He asked me what was home without a mother." And you told him you were?

F. R. (Maidenhead).—"After all, what can a man do when he finds that the river has overflowed and that his house is surrounded by water several feet deep?" Swim.

E. E. (Mayfair).—"I married a rich woman, it is true, but I married her for love." Of money?

D. F. (Petersfield).—"I was upset, I can tell you, when, on arriving home I found I had lost every farthing I possessed." Why, how many farthings had you?

SYLVIA (Rayleigh).—"I did not know how to get rid of my visitor, who continued to stay long after I had shown him everything in the house." Except the door, apparently.

V. V. (Leominster).—"Don't you think the notices in some food shops requesting people not to handle the foods are superfluous?" Well, one certainly can't do much injury to tins.

D. N. (Wellington).—"A woman can't expect her husband to buy her an expensive fur coat these hard times." But that doesn't stop her trying it on.

(Side-Slips: See page 21)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What's the matter with 'im? Must 'ave 'eard some good news or somethin'."

DON'T PUT UP WITH STOMACH PAIN

You can get INSTANT RELIEF with a dose of **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder**—world-famous remedy for *Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, Biliousness,* and all *Stomach Upsets.* Satisfaction guaranteed. If a 1/5 bottle fails to bring relief, return empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. Avail yourself of this GREAT OFFER and end your Stomach Trouble for good!

Able To Eat Anything

"I suffered with gastric trouble—gradually getting from bad to worse," writes D.W. (London, S.E.5). "I was having treatment which only relieved the pain temporarily until a friend recommended **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder.** Since that day I have been able to eat anything without further trouble." Look for the signature 'Alex C. Maclean' on bottle, carton or tin.

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From all Chemists, in bottles 1/6, 2/3, 5/7½d.
Also in Tablet Form in Handy Pocket Tins, 7d.
Including Purchase Tax

CHAPPED HANDS? *Snowfire* TABLET HEALS THEM BY MORNING 3

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/5 and 3/5.

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS **keep dogs fit**

SHUN! untidiness

BRYLCREEM your hair

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

IN HANDY JARS BOTTLES & TUBES **1'2½**

From retailers everywhere also N.A.A.F.I. and Service Canteens.

Larger bottles 1/9½, 2/1½ and 2/11½
All prices inclusive Purchase Tax.

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., North Circular Rd., N.W.10

Another DOUBLED FIRST PRIZE for Bullets THIS WEEK
£200 CASH
PRIZES for 1,114 other Competitors
MUST BE WON in 2, 3 or 4 WORDS
£100 £10 £5 80/- 60/-
40/- 36/- 34/- 32/-
4 PRIZES of 30/- EACH
100 New Prizes of 3/6 CASH
1,000 New Merit Awards
ANOTHER BIG BULLETS' OFFER NEXT WEEK!
FIRST £100 £200 BULLETS
MONDAY JAN. 27

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,253

Mrs. M. N. CLARK, 12, Dalton Road, Southampton.
Example: SUBMARINE SUPPLY
Bullet: *AND ADMIRING "* REVIVING SAPS."

£20 Second Prize: R. Johnson, 29, Egerton Street, Chester.
Example: Mussy's Mission
Bullet: Same Old, "Tales Sweeping."

£10 Third Prize: J. H. Cornell, Ledbridge, Marlborough.
Example: Shorter, Rationing
Bullet: Unless Ghost "Plates" Provided.

100s.: F. Godfrey, 123, Union Road, Sheffield.
Do Your Duty And—Then Some—Thanks, Summit!

80s.: Mrs. G. Senior, 16, Lawrence Avenue, St. Anne's-on-Sea.
Nazis Think—In Gasbombs—Preparing Genesis.

60s.: Miss J. Menzies, 28, Hamilton Road, London, S.E. (P.C.)
Outlook For Britain—Improving, If Hess "Raving."

40s.: R. Lamont, 126, Preston Road, Longridge, nr. Preston.
Greece—Tenser Giving "Gossip" Salonica!

38s.: M. Souter, 3, Churchill Road, Branksome, Bournemouth.
Won't Win—Blobs Who'd "Have Said."

36s.: F. Chapman, 20, Spalton Road, Parkgate, Rotherham.
The Right Stamp—But Unfortunately Appeared "Baked."

34s.: D. Hutton, 10, Ballindalloch Drive, Glasgow (P.C.)
Greece—Following Patient? Pursuing Duty!

32s.: R. Wood, 4, Grosvenor Street, Wellington Road South, Stockport.
When Sergeant Calls—"Shot!" Of Some Rule?

30s.: F. Knighton, 33, Wellfield Road, Preston.
Tommy's Sweetheart—Another "Blighty" Ho's "Crushing"!

30s.: H. Montgomery, 4, Lawn Terrace, Silloth, Carlisle.
Suicide Squad—We Are—See Birds-rule-I

30s.: M. O'Neill, 38, George Street, Burnbank, Hamilton.
Good Samaritan—"*Passing Me By*," Landlord.

30s.: Mrs. S. Slack, 35, St. Johns Road, Unstone, nr. Sheffield.
The Right Stamp—"*Any Harder* Jobs, Sir?"

List of 25 winners of Hampers can be seen at these offices. The 20 £1 Bonuses, 100 Surprise Awards and 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted. Letters "P.C." after winner's name indicate successful effort was submitted on Prize Coupon.

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor maintains that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps sent to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to John Bull, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Counter guess not to be taken into. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Coupon on right—and duplicate on plain paper equally eligible—same rule of entry-fee.

ENTRY-FEE: Use P.O. or Stamps—6d. for each 2 Bullets. Pay for 4, get 2 FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,257, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

HOW TO WIN! Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to any of the *Examples*, and you've already made a *Bullet*. See that your words are apt and neatly fit the chosen *Example*, just as they do in the latest prize-winning *Bullets* on left.

Absorbing entertainment you'll find it, once you really get going—*and a wonderful £200 Joy Wire may well be YOUR thrilling reward!*

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S COURAGE
REMEMBER 1940 AND
TIDE OF VICTORY
HITLER PLANNED, BUT
TO THE NATION
SUPPLIES
TAUGHT HIM SOMETHING
NOT FORGOTTEN
SMALL SHOPKEEPER
DAD'S STIRRUP PUMP
THE LIMIT
TRAITORS
GETTING IT HOT
COLD FEET
EVERY MINUTE COUNTS, SO
WHATEVER IT COSTS
WE BELIEVE
STILL FREE
SPOILS OF WAR
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Whom The World's .....
Stopped His .....
Where ..... Went Wrong
On The ..... Front
..... To Mother
.....'s A Problem, But

20 BONUSES each value £1 for the 20 entrants whose sets of SIX *Bullets* on one coupon show most all-round merit.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

Signed .....

P.O. Value..... No.....

Address .....

1,257 NEW Closing Postmark, MON., JAN. 27.

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin. ADDRESS adjoining label carefully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 2,500-Word Guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name.....

Address.....

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STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

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AMAZING NEW BOOK FOR EVERY "JOHN BULL" READER

"JOHN BULL" great new Presentation of an amazing new book—"HOW IT IS MADE"—has swept the country. Everyone wants to know how bombers are made, how ships, roads, railways, cars, and boats of other pursuits are constructed. If you have not yet applied for your copy of this great new publication for the first time you must HURRY! Over 400 big pages, over 500,000 words and more than 400 explanatory photographs, drawings and diagrams, are provided in this great encyclopædia of information about thousands of engineering and mechanical subjects and hobbies. Even a glance at this book will convince you that it is a magnificent production, worthy of a public value. Even if it were to be published at a guinea it would be a cheap book. You would consider a work of such great national interest and educational value a bargain at £1 in. Yet, "John Bull" makes it available to present applicants at an amazingly low privilege price. Supplies are strictly limited. All applications must be made with in strict rotation. You need no money now for this book, but you must apply at once on the Order Label on this right.

To visit a shipyard, an automobile factory, an aircraft works, to see the making of railways, to roam over a film studio during the making of a big picture, to see intrigue being built, to visit a newspaper office while your newspaper is being printed—all to a thrilling experience. These are only some of the things this wonderful book opens to you.

Look below at just a few of these subjects dealt with. The actual size of the volume is 9 in. deep by 6 in. wide. It is bound in Blue Morocco-grained Cloth with title embossed on the spine in gold.

For this amazing book all you need after you receive your Invoice, is only 3s. 3d., plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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On receipt of Order Label, "John Bull" will send an Invoice by which you secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send back this Invoice, together with your remittance, and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid to your home. Don't miss this chance. Apply to-day.

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"HOW IT IS MADE"

A PENNY STAMP MUST be affixed here by you. Write below in BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.S.3. 18/1/41

MAJOR OPERATION AVOIDED

"I have been suffering from stomach trouble for the past three years. Two doctors diagnosed the trouble as gastric ulcer, and a major operation seemed inevitable. I decided to give Cicfa a trial. I immediately noticed a change, constipation ceased, the pain not only eased but actually stopped for periods of several days. I have just completed a full month's work, without having to lose any time.—T. J. H., of Hayes

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(PRONOUNCED SIF-FAH) Brand Tablets

stopped the PAIN-ended CONSTIPATION

The above letter is but one of the thousands we have in our files, voluntarily sent to us by grateful sufferers. Gastric ulcers often result from long-continued indigestion, with its constant irritation of the lining of the stomach. Cicfa contains natural digestives, pepsinum and diastasum which ensure perfect digestion. Irritation ceases, the pain gets less, and after a time stops altogether, and before long the one-time sufferer is able to forget he ever had indigestion.

One tablet at the beginning of each meal gives help exactly when and where it is needed and makes digestion normal from the start. Suffer no longer; get a 6d. trial tube of Cicfa today.

Her Time Nervous Dyspepsia

"For some time I have been using Cicfa in my practice with almost uniformly successful results. It is particularly so in cases of dyspepsia of nervous origin associated with worry and mental strain."
P.C.T.D., M.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

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Stop Worrying—The Sixit Club will meet your needs in war-time as in Peace! Go ahead with our Clubs—you can easily organise them. Your family or friends will provide **all the members you need.** NOW is the right time to start and it takes only six members and six weeks to complete a club. Clothes and household goods at amazing bargain prices! Whether at home or evacuated, you are amongst people who will be glad to join a Sixit Club.

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COUPON: To GEO. DAY LTD. (D 1466) Grosvenor Street, Manchester, 1. Please send me a FREE copy of the SIXIT Catalogue.

Name .....
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(Post in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp.)

6 MEMBERS COMMISSION IN 6 WEEKS

FRUITY RHYMES BY MASTER O'KAY

OK
You don't see the Wardens patrolling by night,
You don't see us out much by day,
But you know we are present when needed all right,
Like the six luscious fruits in O.K.
O.K
THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Take It!

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO LTD
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT LONDON E.C.1

The Wonder Tablet

—And Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of '*Elasto*'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by '*Elasto*'; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that '*Elasto*' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"No signs of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Now free from piles."
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"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
"Heart is quite sound again now."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
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Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet, fully explaining '*Elasto*', the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what 'Elasto' has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! *THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED!* *'Elasto' is Sold by Chemists Everywhere.*

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto', *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood. [J.B. No. 18141.]

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